

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A TEMPERED WIND

BY
GEORGIA
WOOD
PANGBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH



JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

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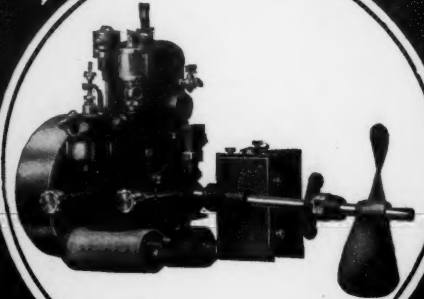
CONVERT YOUR ROWBOAT INTO A SPEED LAUNCH DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTOR

NEW MODEL 1906.

1 DOLLAR 1 POUND

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ENGINE ONLY



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ENGINE ONLY

1 1/2 HORSE POWER

NO VALVES. NO SPRINGS
NO GEARS. NO CAMS
NO THING TO GO WRONG

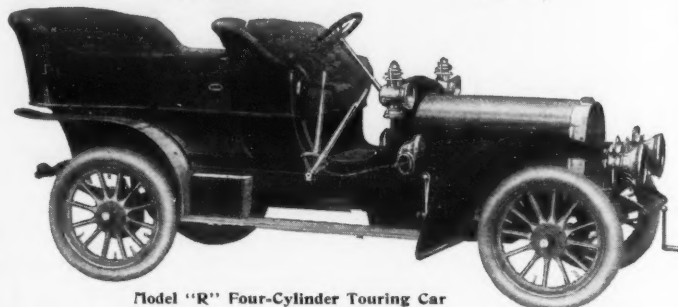
EASY TO BUY
EASY TO INSTALL
EASY TO OPERATE

WE ARE BUILDING 10,000
AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR

WRITE FOR CATALOG 1-10-20 H.P.

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO. 95 E. CONGRESS ST. DETROIT MICH.

HAYNES



Model "R" Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Vertical roller-bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5 1/2 x 6 inches, 50 H. P. An exclusive transmission that absolutely prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. Individual and special lubrication. Master Clutch has metal faces and takes hold without jerking. Shaft drive. Exclusive universal joints that prevent wear on pins. Sprocket and Roller Pinion and perfect Rear Axle, all exclusive. Roller-bearings throughout. 108-inch wheel base, 54-inch tonneau, seating five people. Four to 60 miles an hour on high gear. Weight, 2,750 pounds. Price \$3,500, f. o. b. Kokomo. Full equipment.

The Car of Proven Reliability

When you buy the 1906 Haynes you are investing in a car of **proven** not merely **promised** performance. No more severe test has ever been given an automobile than the Haynes received in its trip from New York to Chicago last January.

1100 miles of hub-deep mud and snow, over the steep grades of the Cumberland Mountains, at a repair expense for the entire

trip of \$2.50, is conclusive proof of reliability and economy of operation. The parts that made this trip possible—the roller-bearing engines, master clutch, transmission, universal joints, lubricating and cooling systems, roller pinion, rear axle, etc., are found exclusively on the Haynes. They are fully described in our new catalogue. When sending for it, address Desk M 3 for prompt attention.

The Haynes is the highest-powered shaft-driven car built

"The Car the Repairman Seldom Sees"

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

Oldest Automobile Manufacturers in America. Members A. L. A. M.

KOKOMO, INDIANA

New York, 1715 Broadway

Chicago, 1420 Michigan Ave.

SY-CLO

TRADE MARK

The Closet of Health



The home in which is installed the SY-CLO Closet is doubly safeguarded against the perils of improper sanitation and the two great dangers common to all ordinary closets.

One of these is the danger from within—imperfect cleansing. The other is the danger from without—the escape of the deadly sewer gas into the home.

The SY-CLO Closet has a double cleansing action. A copious flush of water from above starts an irresistible syphonic action from below. The downward rush of the water through the pipes creates a vacuum—a powerful pump-like pull which instantly empties the bowl of all its contents instead of merely diluting as does the ordinary closet.

Being formed of a single piece of solid white china, the SY-CLO Closet is without crack, joint or seam for the lodgment of impurity. Nothing can adhere or be absorbed.

By an unusually deep water seal between the closet bowl and the sewer connection making the escape of sewer gas into the home impossible, the SY-CLO Closet gives adequate health protection against the dangers from without.

SY-CLO Closets are heavily constructed and have unusual strength. With ordinary care, they will outlast the building—a perpetual safeguard of health.

SY-CLO stamped on a closet, no matter what other mark is on it, signifies that it is constructed of the best material, with the aid of the best engineering skill, under the direction of the Potteries Selling Co., and that eighteen of the leading potteries of the United States have agreed to maintain its standard of excellence.

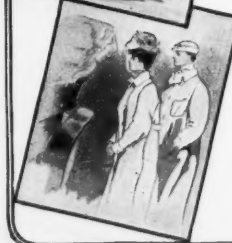
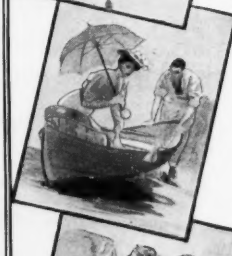
If your home contains a closet of imperfect construction, improper material, or one subject to rust, corrosion, or under surface discoloration, such as porcelain enameled iron, you may be unknowingly exposed to a dangerous source of disease. If you have such a closet, self defence demands that you replace it with the closet bearing the trade mark name of SY-CLO, the seal of safety, the safeguard of health.

A book on "Household Health" mailed free if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material as SY-CLO Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING CO., Trenton, N. J.

Send for this book



Vacation Trips

If you are going away this summer, be sure to send for "Mountain and Lake Resorts," a beautifully illustrated book of 144 pages issued by the Lackawanna Railroad. It will tell you how you can go, where you can stay, what you can see, and how much it will cost. It is a book that will help you in making your plans. In addition it contains a clever little love story entitled:

THE HEART OF BEVERLY

The cover is in three colors and the illustrations are by well known artists. It is a book you will enjoy having. It will be sent for ten cents in stamps.

Address T. W. LEE
General Passenger Agent
Department No. 4
Lackawanna Railroad
NEW YORK CITY

**Lackawanna
Railroad**

OUR SANITARY AND DUSTLESS HOUSE CLEANING MACHINERY

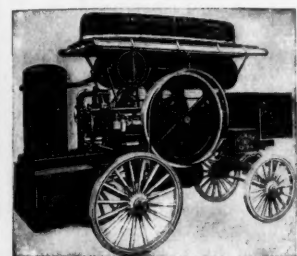
Develops compressed air in large volume under heavy pressure, for heavy cleaning, and a vacuum for suction cleaning and carrying off the dirt. There is no dust sent flying about the building. The dirt and disease germs are removed—carried away by our vacuum suction.

STATIONARY PLANTS for private residences, country homes and the like for \$350.00 and up. Electric power from the lighting current may be used. It is inexpensive, dustless, and the maid can operate it more easily and effectively than broom-sweeping. This plant is sold complete with motor, air compressor and all tools necessary for cleaning a house perfectly. The "dustless method" removes all the dust and disease germs from the house, renovates and disinfects the carpets, furniture, draperies, decorations, ceilings and walls. It does this without taking up carpets or removing the furniture. House cleaning does not disturb the household and the work is done in one-fourth the time it can be accomplished by any other method. Write for full description and estimate. **State size of house.**



PRIVATE PLANTS for Office Buildings, Hotels, Theatres and Department Stores. These plants use compressed air and vacuum combined or separately, and are sold complete, ready for installation, with all the tools necessary for cleaning walls, draperies, carpets, wood or marble floors. The tools are easy to operate and do not require skilled or experienced help. The plants are inexpensive to install and will save their entire cost the first year. **We also manufacture gasoline engines, air compressors and compressed air water lifts.**

STATIONARY PLANTS for professional carpet cleaners, \$480.00 and up. Any size and capacity.



PORTABLE CLEANING OUTFIT, mounted on light, extra strong wagons, for residential house cleaning business. A good business can be done with these machines in any town of 10,000 population or more. With a capital of \$2,000, a small plant can be installed which has an earning capacity of from \$50.00 to \$70.00 per day, at an expense of \$8.00 per day. We are the inventors and pioneers in this business and operate under the first letters patent ever issued for a compressed air house cleaning machine. We sell exclusive city rights and protect the purchaser in the enjoyment of his rights. All infringers are vigorously prosecuted. Over eighty-five companies are operating successfully with our machinery. Our full descriptive catalog and testimonials will be sent on request. Estimates will be promptly furnished.

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR HOUSE CLEANING COMPANY
4431 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

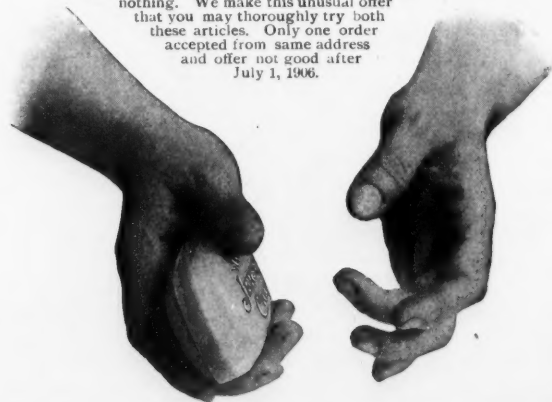
is the outcome of more than half a century's experience in making the finest shaving soaps, and possesses all the delightful, soothing and antiseptic qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous. Buy a cake of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. Try it for a week or so and see for yourself how soft and velvety it makes your skin and how much clearer and more healthful your complexion will become.

Send 2 cents in stamps for a sample cake of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap if unable to get it of your dealer.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

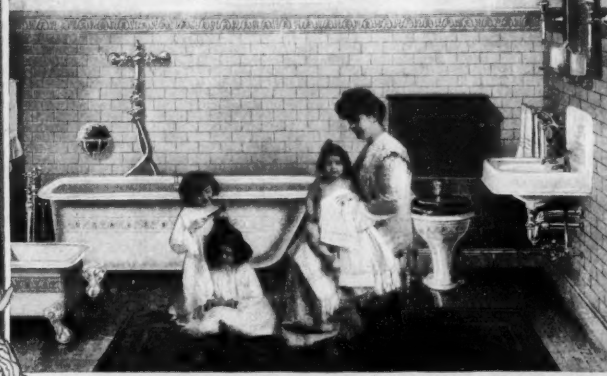
Department A
GLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.A.
London, 65 Great Russell St. Paris, 4 Rue Chauveau Lagarde

SPECIAL OFFER For 25 cents (in stamps) we will send a 15c. cake of Jersey Cream Soap and, in addition a 25c. can of Williams' exquisite Violet Talcum Powder. In this way the soap costs you nothing. We make this unusual offer that you may thoroughly try both these articles. Only one order accepted from same address and offer not good after July 1, 1906.



(1)

A bathroom equipped with
"Standard"
Porcelain Enameled Baths
& One-Piece Lavatories
is the most satisfactory
room in the house



Health, cleanliness and luxurious comfort environ every home equipped with the beautiful "Standard" porcelain enameled ware.

Its artistic, simple beauty holds a decorative charm that adds the final touch of elegance to the modern home. Its white purity makes its every use a joy. "Standard" Ware is sanitariously perfect, yet underneath its smooth china-like surface is the indestructibility of iron. Its cost is moderate; its installation the most economical—its comfort-value inestimable. No home can be sanitary, convenient or even modernly pleasant and healthful without "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware.

The famous slant seat "NATURE" closet is now supplied in "Standard" Ware.

Our Book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet on the subject and contains 100 pages.

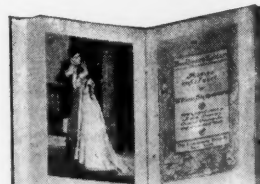
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Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. 28, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.
Offices and Showrooms in New York: **"Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street**
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all of our nickel-plated brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

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There are just 64 sets on hand of these half-leather sets. They are either slightly discolored from exposure in the show window or a little rubbed from handling, but the damage is so slight that it is scarcely noticeable. Our inspector, however, will not pass them as perfect stock, so rather than rebind them we offer them at what they would be worth to us if they had no covers.

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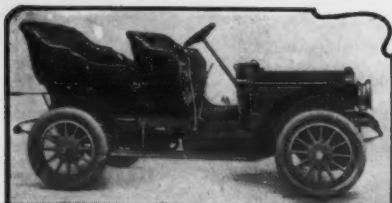
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May
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3



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HAVE you running water in your house? Well,—if you have enough pressure on it I'll make it do all your washing without any work.

Yes, and I'll make it turn the Wringer, too. You can just throw the clothes into the tub, turn a tap, and our new Self-Working Washer will do the rest.

Now I know this sounds too easy and too good to be true. But it is true, every word of it.

Here is the proof that it is true. I'll send you one of these Self-Working Washers, to your own house, on a month's free trial.

I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and I won't ask you a cent on deposit, nor a note, nor Security in any form.

I'll just trust any one I believe trustworthy with this whole machine, I'll take all the risk and expense of the Test myself.

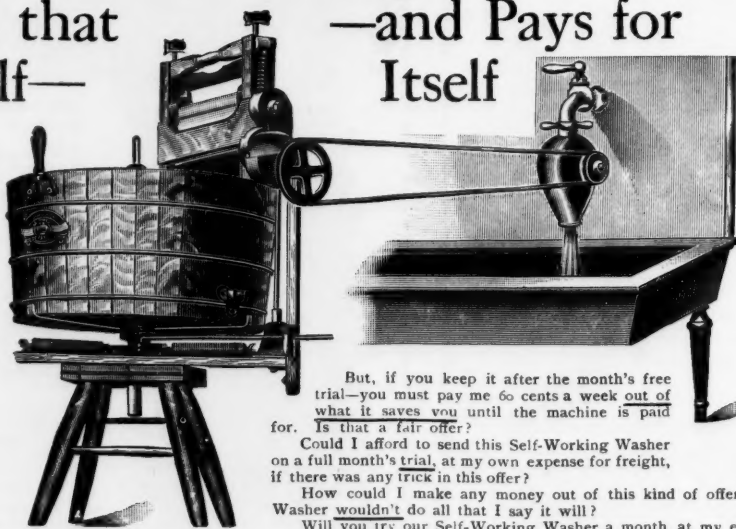
If you find our Self-Working Washer won't wash clothes without your doing a thing to work it but turn a tap, then send it back to me at my expense.

If you find it won't do better washing than the Washboard, with far less wear on the clothes, send it back to me at my expense.

If it won't do the washing in less than half the time your Washerwoman could do it, without the machine, then send it back to me at my expense.

Half your Washerwoman's time costs you about 60 cents a week. That is about \$30.00 a year. Our Self-Working Washer will save you that \$30.00 a year for the ten years it lasts, or \$300.00 in all.

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But, if you keep it after the month's free trial—you must pay me 60 cents a week out of what it saves you until the machine is paid for. Is that a fair offer?

Could I afford to send this Self-Working Washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight, if there was any trick in this offer?

How could I make any money out of this kind of offer if the Washer wouldn't do all that I say it will?

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To meet the demands of these people, I have just invented a "Gravity" Washer that doesn't need water pressure, and yet does a washing easily and quickly in six minutes by the clock.

Just drop me a line today for further particulars about the Washer that works itself, as well as the "Gravity" Washer.

Remember, you can try either one a month at my expense, and then it must pay for itself.

Address R. F. Bieber, Treasurer, 1900 Washer Co., 7047 Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.



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It guarantees correctness of model and quality. All materials are carefully selected and applied by skilled workmen.

Models for every use. Prices, packed, \$28 up.

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Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each and like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. They can't sink. No caking, no balling, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.

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Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear For Six Months Without Holes

In addition to being the most comfortable, best looking and best fitting hosiery made anywhere, each box of six pairs is sold with our binding guarantee, which says:

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darnings for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

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Fast Colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, Tan (light or dark), Pearl, and Navy Blue. Sizes, 9 to 12.

The most comfortable sox for spring and summer wear.

Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee ticket with each pair. Price \$1.50

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Fast colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Sizes, 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops.

Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee ticket with each pair. Price \$2.00

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Our booklet contains full information regarding Holeproof Hosiery and the testimony of numerous wearers. Write for it to-day—it's free for the asking.

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"Flexo" Curved Plate permits frictionless swing and a straight, easy pull.

"Flexo" GARTER TEST

"Flexo" Button and Clasp hang flat—do not tug or chafe, whether you wear knee or full length drawers. No other garter can give you this sort of summer service.

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More Stretch Here More Rubber Here

Positively will not Rust Positively will not Rust

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The Bull Dog Suspender is the logical result of an ever increasing demand for a simple, sensible, and serviceable suspender. It demonstrates no new theory, but is built upon the correct principle of most comfort and longest wear in trouser support. Will Outwear Three Pairs of other kinds.

Made in Light and Heavy weights and in extra lengths—no extra cost. Ask your dealer for them. If he has them you will get a pair unhesitatingly; if not, we will send them postpaid for 50 cents.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


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Volume XXXVII Number 9 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year

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CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

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Next we have "Star" treatment—curing.

Armour's "Star" grade Hams and Bacon are cured in an "epicured" liquor.

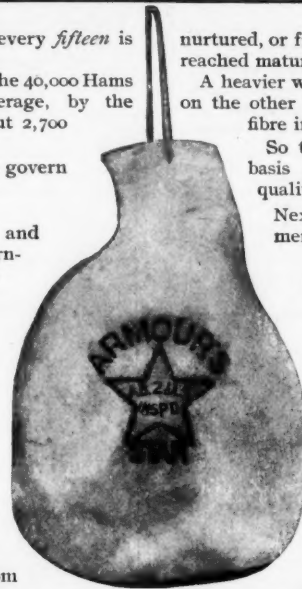
This is mild, sweet and piquant, instead of salty.

It is made of granulated sugar, and pure saltpetre, with just enough salt to balance them, and to produce a delicious, palatable flavor.

This "Star" treatment brings out all that is finest in the meat flavor, blended with the curing flavor, and later with the smoked flavor.

The result is "The Ham What Am"—the very finest Meat, treated by the very finest curing known to the Art of the Packer.

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Armour's "STAR" Hams and Bacon



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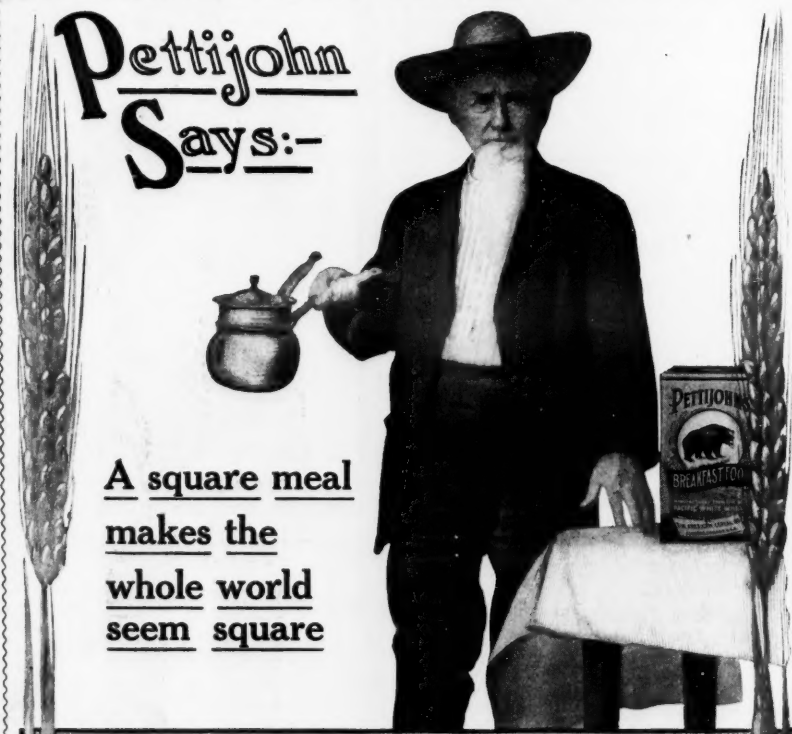
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It's easy to prepare and it's good to eat.

Pettijohn
ALL WHEAT GOOD TO EAT

P.S.—Pettijohn is the wheat, the whole wheat, and nothing but the wheat

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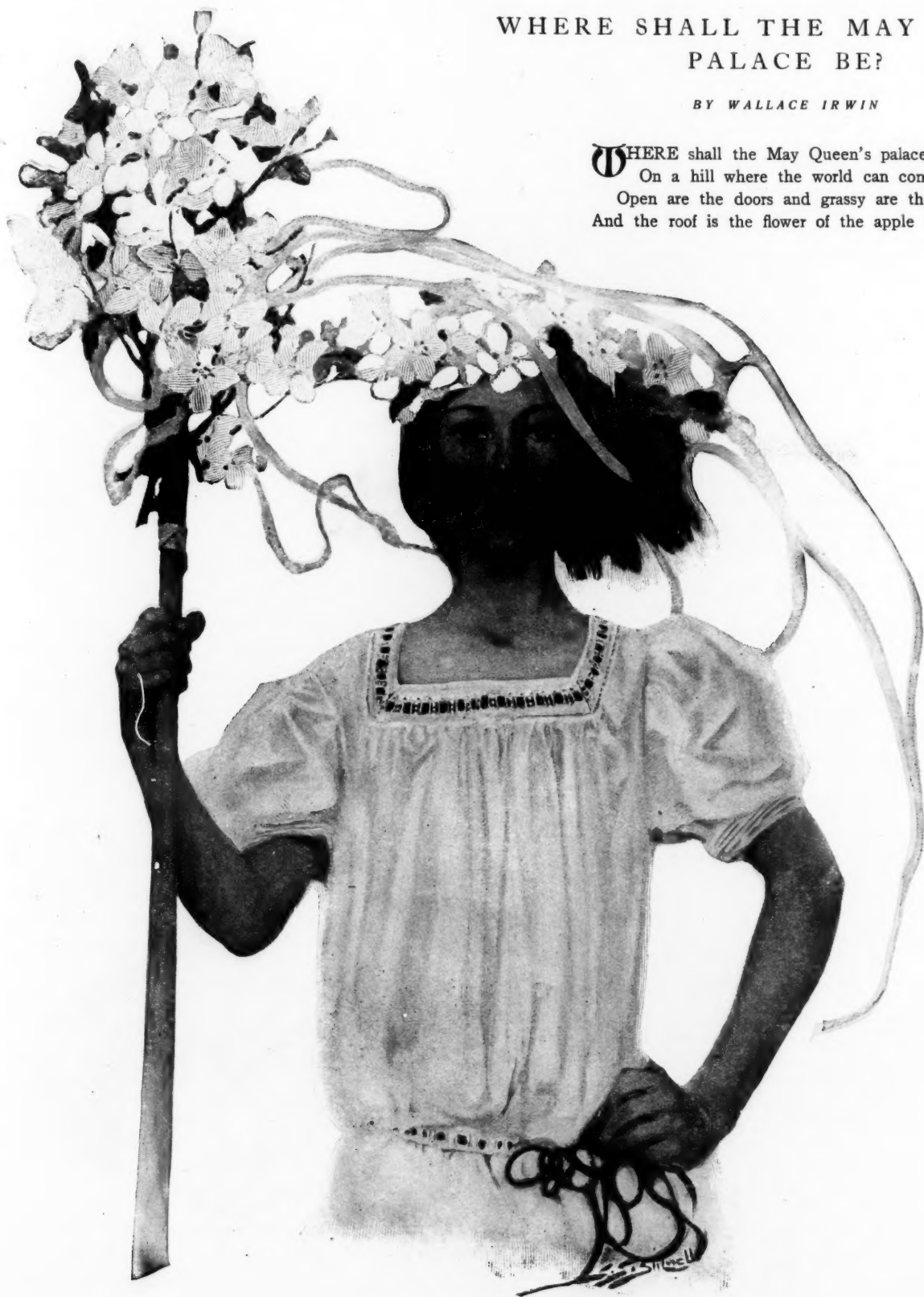
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHERE SHALL THE MAY QUEEN'S
PALACE BE?

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WHERE shall the May Queen's palace be?
On a hill where the world can come and see;
Open are the doors and grassy are the floors
And the roof is the flower of the apple tree.



WHAT shall the dream of the May Queen be?
Crystal gates and a golden key;
Of a blue-bell hall and a lover frank and tall
And a crown from the flower of the apple tree.

AND the law of the little May Queen shall be
Happy as the birds, as the west wind free,
And her wand shall sway in the Empire of the May
As lightly as the flower of the apple tree.

Thomas Holme Branch.



POWERFUL INDEED ARE WORDS. By nothing else is the intellect more easily drugged. A set of sounds which, at present (and often), enjoy much honor, apparently designate some positive act the nature of which, however, our cerebral hemispheres refuse to seize. "Constructiveness" is one of these; "building up" is another; "pointing the way to something positive"; "creative criticism, not destructive"; "let us stop complaining and go ahead"; and so following, to infinity, and to sleep. Enough of this vocabulary has applied itself to COLLIER'S to make us ask the favor of some illustrations of what constructive and positive things, and things which build up, may be. Is it constructive or destructive to endeavor to make Legislatures and office-holders everywhere more representative of the people, and less representative of special money powers; to make the burdens of taxation more even than they are; to secure for the people better terms for the franchise privileges which they grant; to obtain laws in protection of the general health; to seek laws, and the enforcement of them, which shall protect women and children as to the nature and limitations of their work, and enable men also to labor under constantly improving conditions; to improve the judiciary and simplify and purify the ballot; to get certain natural beauties and certain natural monopolies into governmental hands; to raise the standard of public service by constant observation of our public servants; to encourage lawyers to work for the people and not always for the corporations; to aid our own profession, the press, in making itself more free—are such things illustrations of a destructive policy, and if so will somebody take us by the hand and explain in words of one and two syllables what constructive means? Do the people want a panacea, a political Liquezone or Peruña, that will cure everything, without intelligence, progress, or effort, and make us all rich, good, and happy by to-morrow afternoon?

CALEB POWERS IS SOON, to be tried for the fourth time, in the courts of his own State, for the murder of Governor GOEBEL. So decides the United States Supreme Court, and by that decision saves the State of Kentucky from a lasting and national dishonor. For, had the judgment been otherwise, had the Federal Court assumed jurisdiction, there would have been lost to the Blue Grass Commonwealth its saving opportunity of righting a great wrong not only to one of its citizens but to itself, by finally according to a man in jeopardy of his life the fair trial guaranteed to every citizen of the United States. Three times POWERS has been before the bar of justice, and each time the Court of Appeals has reversed his conviction. On the first and third trials—and this in a political case—the jury was drawn from the ranks of the prisoner's party opponents. The second trial was held before a judge who had publicly denounced POWERS as guilty, at a political meeting, and whose prejudice during the court session was so obvious that the higher court censured him for not vacating the bench. "The trials of the accused," comments Justice HARLAN in voicing the opinion of the Supreme Court that there is no warrant for removing the case from the State courts, "make an exhibition of misconduct on the part of administrative officers connected with the trials which may well shock all who love justice and recognize the right of every human being accused of crime to be tried according to law." The guilt or innocence of the accused is of small moment compared to the honor of a sovereign State. Kentucky goes on trial with CALEB POWERS. The decision of the nation's highest court affords her the chance to redeem herself. With her own people rests the issue; whether she shall again set her hand to the rack of vengeance, or, living up to her proudest traditions, shall prove herself too gallant to fight unfairly, too great to deny to any, even in her sorrow and wrath, the full protection of her justice.

IDAHO IS VEXED at a warning, indulged in by this paper, about the need of calm as a means toward judicial exactness. Naturally those who reply to us in haste have assumed that we believe in the innocence of HAYWOOD and MOYER. We neither believe nor disbelieve in their innocence. We neither believe nor disbelieve the confession of ORCHARD, or the charges made by the miners that the mine-owners are using various

devices to manufacture prejudice and evidence. It is not our business to believe, and it is the business of Idaho not to believe either, but to prove, granting to every man on trial for his life the utmost opportunities of the law. The miners assert that MOYER and HAYWOOD are innocent and that behavior amounting to conspiracy is indulged in to secure their conviction. In such assertions the miners are acting utterly in the wrong. They as much as anybody should demand a full and fair investigation, not a passionate judgment in advance. The Governor, on the other hand, if he issued statements, as reported, that these men are guilty, is undeserving of his place, and if the prosecuting attorney is correctly reported he forgets that his is in large degree a judicial office. We hold no opinion whatever on the guilt or innocence of any man involved. We do believe that Idaho, by dividing into two violently opposing groups, is making a fair trial far from certain. The Chicago Anarchists were strung up in the heat of popular fear and indignation. DREYFUS had a real trial, instead of being legally lynched by the most respectable French opinion, because the world's attention was called to him. If MOYER and HAYWOOD continue to be regarded in the spirit in which their extradition was accomplished, and in the spirit in which the officials and the press of Idaho have expressed themselves, on the one hand, and in which the laborers and their press have expressed themselves on the other, an unbiased jury trial will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to secure.

A TIME
FOR CALM

THE DILEMMA NEW YORKERS have been in about the telephone points to one business which is sure, one time or another, to come under community control, because in its best form it must be a monopoly. Men in New York know their telephones cost too much. They believe that probably for as little as two cents a message they might have a service for which they now pay five. They naturally shrink, however, from the everlasting nuisance of a double system, forcing every user to install two separate instruments, and, each time he telephones, be liable to the trouble of looking up a number in two separate books. The telephone, therefore, is incapable of being made satisfactory under private ownership, and the history of its control in this country will be what its history has been abroad. Our right is to secure reasonable prices without any falling off in efficiency, which it is obviously and indisputably possible to do, and which we fancy will be done before many years have passed.

SOME PERSONS WAX ANGRY over intellectual divergence more completely than over differences in moral standard. Such a trait, among many in his complicated and interesting make-up, inheres in the President of the United States. The rate bill, we have steadily maintained, while it may and does raise certain moral issues, gives abundance of ground for purely intellectual disagreement among men equally willing to act for good. The public belief, however, that on the question of court review the President in his first position stood for righteousness, and the opposing Senators for the Prince of Darkness, was somewhat confused when the President, by a Gladstonian reconciliation of contradictories, landed with the so-called conservative Republican hierarchy, in bitter conflict with the Democrats and with those radical Republicans like LA FOLLETTE who are more numerous in the country than in our augustest chamber. As to the questions of good faith and veracity that have sprung out of this historic controversy, it would do no good for us to speak too freely. The majority, always faithful to the President, will believe his version. The more instructed minority, regarding this case as well as many others, will believe that in the frequently recurrent disagreements between Mr. ROOSEVELT and those who converse with him, a change of position on his part engenders in his intellect a changed interpretation of his observations in the past. It is necessary to repeat, however, to avoid seeming to put too great stress on one fault, that with all his megalomania, leading him frequently into inexact accounts of past transactions, the President is far more useful to the country, in its present wrestling with excess of money power, than are many powerful statesmen of greater clearness and better manners.

A FAMOUS
FALLING OUT



IF PROPOSED LEGISLATION always came to a vote, the profitable process of preventing good laws, in behalf of evil interests, would decline. Our representatives, however, can often escape showing what they actually represent. The Stevens-Wainwright bill, requiring that patent medicines containing poisons above a certain amount should plainly designate the fact upon the label, was thus smothered at Albany. It passed the Senate by a comfortable majority, but in the House its enemies offered certain amendments, in themselves of small importance, but implying the death of the bill without its coming to a vote, since before the amendments could be printed the Legislature would have adjourned. Mr. WAINWRIGHT called for the ayes and noes, to secure which eleven men must rise. So busily, however, and so effectively, had the patent medicine lobby been at work that only nine men out of the whole one hundred and fifty arose, there being no method, therefore, of compelling any man to record himself as voting for secret poisons against common business honesty and the public safety. One gentleman, however, comes into the light of day rather conspicuously: Mr. LESLIE J. TOMPKINS of New York City. Throughout the fight Mr. TOMPKINS had repeatedly announced his advocacy of the measure. Yet at the last he experienced a sudden and curious change of heart, and by his deadly amendment did yeoman service in winning the day for the Great American Fraud. One setback, however, does not mean defeat. The very fact that the patent medicine bill was beaten, not in fair and open fight, but by timid souls popping out from ambush and popping back again in time to avoid identification, is an encouragement to the belief that next year a patent medicine law will be enacted. When it is offered there will be some satisfaction in seeing Assemblyman TOMPKINS, at least, flying his true colors. In fairness to New York City it may be added that Assemblymen PRENTICE, AGNEW, WELLS, and FRANCIS were among the valiant nine.

OUR FRIVOLOUS OFFER of a prize for guesses about President FAUNCE's views of ALDRICH has aroused some hostile comment. Chancellor DAY, however, of the University of Syracuse, who rushed so hotly, a fortnight or so ago, to the defense of Standard Oil, has received the general comment where the chicken receives the ax. He also is head of a college which, like the headless University of Chicago, has Standard Oil acquaintances, and he observed that ROOSEVELT is a more dangerous anarchist than HEARST. "It is an amazing blunder," said he, "for our President to depreciate the properties of the country, like those of the New York Central Railroad, Standard Oil, the Sugar, and other corporations, by an *ex parte* condemnation and by sensational charges." Mr. DAY, S.T.D., talked of the hundreds of thousands of persons who have their investments in these big corporations. This argument is well seasoned. It is hallowed especially by the men whose business is exercised by public franchise—street railways, for instance: first get from the public a privilege for less than it is worth; then water the stock; next unload it on the public; finally howl about widows and orphans. This mild Chancellor thinks HEARST should have been electrocuted for the murder of MCKINLEY, and he objects to the President's formation of opinions in advance of legal proof! We desire to do injustice to no man, college president, Standard Oil magnate, farm hand, or bricklayer, but do hold the conviction that preachers who are supported by the wealthy, and officers of education whose colleges live on the charity of monopolies, are not the freest and wisest leaders of opinion at the present hour and place. They have not, as a body, shown that indifference to the source of their supplies which might enable them to speak persuasively on economic questions now debated.

THE PLACE OF WAR in school histories grows swiftly less. Between 1843 and 1885, according to a recent compilation, made in the interests of text-book reform and published in the "Advocate of Peace," war on the average claimed forty per cent of a school history's space. Now it has gone down to about twenty-five per cent, and it will go lower still. With this decrease in the place of war has gone more intelligence and justice in treating the standpoints of those unfortunate enough to have differed with Uncle Sam,

or with that element of him which ultimately expugned its opponents. Serious history, less than formerly a collection of picturesque and patriotic lies, is leaking down even into the schools. In the schools, as elsewhere, it should appeal ever to the imagination, but it can do this, not less but more, in alliance with the truth. It can interest more deeply by reflecting in truer perspective the actual life of man.

A WOMAN TEACHER enters her profession, says one of them, either to satisfy a yearning for employment or to support herself and those dependent on her. If she marries, both those objects are otherwise accomplished. Meantime, possession of her own means of living makes her more free in her decisions about marriage. Work that is perhaps too hard hastens her loss of alluring qualities of the mating season, and her opportunities for matrimony become less than they might be in the social world, since, as another teacher writes, men of marrying age do not frequent the reference libraries or hover around the student lamp. She, meantime, is consoled by the CONTRIBUTED WISDOM knowledge that the world is the better for her life and by the gifts that purpose and study bring, and usually, if she is naturally a teacher, happiness spends rather more than the average time with her. Occasionally she marries late, and then with a high prospect of being satisfied, since the man is likely to have character and appreciation of ideal things, and since also she, having dwelt upon the grand but awful logic of natural law, has not cheap illusions on which to base her faith, but sound interest in others and a calm responsibility to the world.

SYDNEY SMITH, writing to a child, asked what life would be without arithmetic, except a scene of horrors? What, the child might have answered, is it after all, even with arithmetic? But she didn't. It was another child, a friend of WALTER SCOTT, who wrote: "I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it, the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure." With this child, certainly, would go the major-MATHEMATICS ity, rather than with SMITH, or with ARBUTHNOT, who believed that the mathematics, besides being friends to religion, "may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy but desirable." Mathematics are losing ground in colleges, under the elective system, partly, perhaps, because there are so few teachers who know how to make so abstract an exercise of interest to the young.

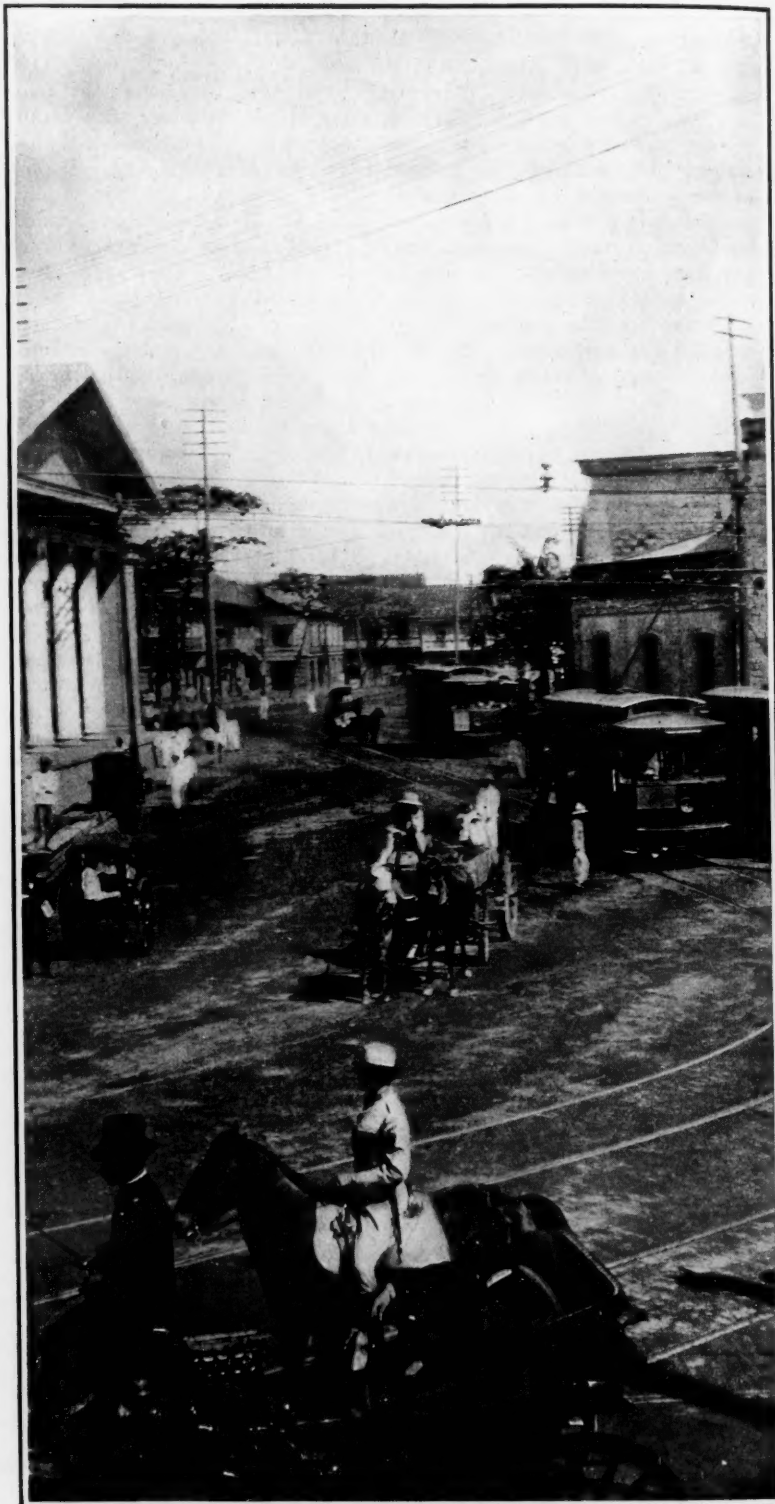
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE LOVERS of sensational personal details," says Mrs. GERTRUDE ATHERTON, in the very opening of an article, "I was not at San Francisco at the time of the earthquake." This is, we must concede, a misfortune of which the proportions are beyond hyperbole. Earthquakes are too sensational at the best. They lack that aloofness, that slow and tenuous cerebration, characteristic of the closet philosopher and the third-class professional of the pen. They are too theatrical, highly wrought, yellow, hysterical, fervid, and lacking in refinement. Mrs. ATHERTON tells what she thought and how to stand in the doorway to protect the eyes from plaster. She calls the earthquake "vicious," adding that "no other word will describe it." If no other word will do, call it "vicious," by every right of literary need. "The mystery of it is that a shock of such tremendousness should SENSATION have stopped so abruptly." Mysterious indeed—but then, as LONGFELLOW believed, "all the rest is mystery." Lucifer was the son of mystery, and famous are the mysteries of folded sleep, of birth, time, consciousness, and death. Enough of this. Returning to our text, we abhor sensation, even in an earthquake, and feed joyfully on Mrs. ATHERTON's account. How to get to the Occidental Hotel was one of the queries which, when she went to San Francisco, she propounded to an officer. "'The Occidental,' he exclaimed, as if he thought I was mad. 'Why, you can't.'" And she did not. But, as she declares of the city in its flames, "impersonally, it was a great sight." In such cases calm, dispassionate, literary, and impersonal cogitation is what magazines and newspapers ought to give.

A PHILIPPINE INAUGURATION

Henry C. Ide was formally inducted into the office of Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, at Manila, April 2, 1906



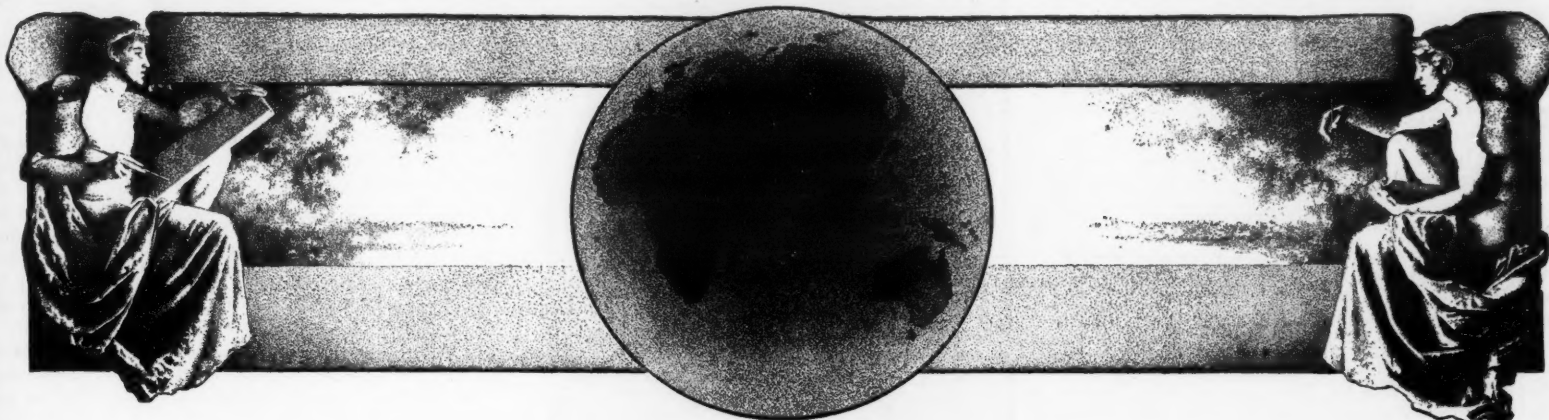
GOVERNOR-GENERAL IDE, WITH CHIEF-JUSTICE CAYITANO ARELLANO ON HIS LEFT, RIDING IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE. NATIVE TROOPS SALUTING



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CARRIAGE CROSSING THE PLAZA DE GOITI ON HIS WAY TO THE PALACE FROM MALACANANG

HENRY CLAY IDE, of Vermont, was inaugurated Governor-General of the Philippine Islands April 2, 1906, with appropriate and elaborate ceremonies. The inauguration took place in Session Hall at the Ayuntamiento, or Government Palace, in the Walled City, and was witnessed by all of the high officials of the civil government, the ranking officers of the military establishment in the Islands, those of the Navy in Philippine waters, and the consular corps in full uniform. The oath of office was administered by Senor Don Cayitano Arellano, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands. ¶ In his inaugural address Governor-General Ide dwelt upon the necessity of immediate relief by Congress from the present Dingley tariff rates, and the great benefits such relief would confer upon the country and its people. ¶ It will be observed, from the photographs, that there were no large and enthusiastic crowds of natives welcoming the new representative of American sovereignty. The picture on the left shows that the soldiers along the line of march were not annoyed by jostling observers; the picture on the right shows how all traffic,—consisting of three trolley cars, an army wagon, and buggy,—was stopped to allow the procession to pass. ¶ Immediately after his inauguration Governor-General Ide left for Baguio, which nestles snugly in the mountains of Benguet, in Northern Luzon. In this delightful and cool retreat he will pass the present hot season

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE negotiations over the Railroad Rate bill have ended in a sensational break between the President and the Democratic Senators. ¶Russia's first Parliament was opened by the Czar on May 10. In its reply to the speech from the throne the Duma demanded general suffrage, ministerial responsibility, abolition of states of siege, participation of Parliament in all new lawmaking, the "four liberties," equality of all citizens before the law, abolition of the death penalty, more land for the peasantry, the right of trades-unions to strike, popular education, the recognition of the rights of nationalities, and general amnesty. ¶Carl Schurz died at New York, May 14. ¶The Interstate Commerce Commission has begun a new investigation of the Standard Oil Company. Attorney-General Moody has also brought action against the "Drug Trust," including the "Proprietary Association of America." ¶The Turkish

Government has surrendered unconditionally to Great Britain in the matter of the Egyptian boundary dispute. ¶D. C. Haldeman, formerly the London manager of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, has begun a campaign to induce the Mutual's British policy-holders to transfer themselves to another company with which he has taken service. ¶Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey has been found guilty of heresy by an Episcopal ecclesiastical court. He will appeal. ¶Secretaries Root and Taft have notified President Amador, of Panama, through Governor Magoon, of the Canal Zone, that if his Government should be unable to maintain itself, the United States would intervene at his request to restore peace and order. ¶It has been discovered that 125,000 volumes of the Sutro Library in San Francisco, supposed to have been destroyed, have been saved. ¶A body, apparently Father Gapon's, has been found hanging in a Finnish villa.

CHANGING PARTNERS AT WASHINGTON

THE Railroad Rate bill has emerged from its long ordeal in the Senate in much better shape than most observers at first believed possible. As much can not be said for its friends, who came out of the struggle hot, angry, and recriminatory.

There seemed at first to be a clear-cut issue. There was a railroad element, comprising a majority of the Republican Senators but a minority of the whole Senate, and an anti-railroad element, including most of the Democrats and the Administration group of Republicans. The natural prospect appeared to be that the bill would be perfected by its friends and opposed by its enemies. This was the theory upon which the President acted at first. He carried on incessant negotiations with the object of uniting the Democrats and the Administration Republicans upon some plan that he could approve. The railroad Senators were to have no part in this except to be overridden.

The whole controversy raged around the question of the extent to which the courts should have the right to review the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. All agreed that some right of review was necessary, under the Constitution, but the railroad Senators wanted it to be as broad, and the anti-railroad Senators as narrow, as possible. An alliance was formed between the Democrats and the President on this basis, and an amendment, drawn by Attorney-General Moody, was accepted by Senators Tillman and Bailey as the ground on which an attempt should be made to unite a majority of the Senate. This amendment limited the right of review to the two questions of the authority of the Commission and the constitutionality of its action, and also provided that no order of the Commission should be set aside or suspended by any preliminary or interlocutory order of the court. Mr. Tillman told Mr. Moody that such a proposition could secure twenty-six Democratic votes, and with twenty Republicans it would go through.

At this stage the Aldrich element saw that it was time to do something. Senator Fulton, the only member of the Oregon delegation who has not yet been indicted, drew an amendment providing for a court review without limitations. To this the name of Senator Allison, who was ill at the time, was attached; and it was presented to the President, who promptly accepted it, and announced his acceptance to the press without informing his late allies or Attorney-General Moody. He took the ground that the so-called "Allison amend-

ment" merely made clear the intent of the original Hepburn bill, which he said he had always favored.

The "Allison amendment" was greatly improved in its passage through the Senate, but the Democrats were not reconciled to what they called their betrayal by the President. On May 12 Senator Tillman made a statement giving his version of the negotiations, in the course of which he incidentally mentioned that ex-Senator Chandler, the intermediary in the affair, had quoted the President as criticizing Senators Knox, Spooner, and Foraker.

Senator Lodge, was told about this, and, shocked, took it upon himself to call the President up on the telephone and ask him about it. The buzz of a telephone is not conducive to calm reflection, and Mr. Roosevelt impulsively answered that the statement was "a deliberate, unqualified falsehood." Without pausing to consider that a simple denial was all that was needed, and that calling a man a liar is merely the President's way of saying that his recollection is inaccurate, Mr. Lodge committed the amazing indiscretion of taking down these words and reading them in open Senate.

Senator Chandler, who had been a friend of the President, as he had been of every Republican President from Lincoln's time, was aggrieved at being first thrown over without warning and then accused of lying, and he reiterated his original assertion, thus raising a direct issue of veracity between Mr. Roosevelt and himself. A long and comparatively mild statement was then issued in the form of a letter from the President to Senator Allison, saying nothing about the question raised by Mr. Lodge's blunder, but raising a new issue in the assertion that Mr. Chandler had come to him as the emissary of Senators Tillman and Bailey instead of going to them as the emissary of the Administration. This allegation was characterized by Mr. Tillman as "absurd on its face."

The Republican machine in the Senate, which was thrown badly out of gear when a controlling combination of Democrats and Roosevelt Republicans secured



"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

The loyal denizens in the background: "Come out and tackle us, Theodore; you'll have more sport and better luck!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

a favorable committee report for the Hepburn bill, now seems entrenched more firmly than ever. Mr. Aldrich is again in command. The only insurgent in the latter days of the struggle was Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, whose Republican associates lost no opportunity of snubbing him. Of course the machine has had to make some concessions to accomplish this result. The measure it accepted at the end was not just what it wanted in the beginning.

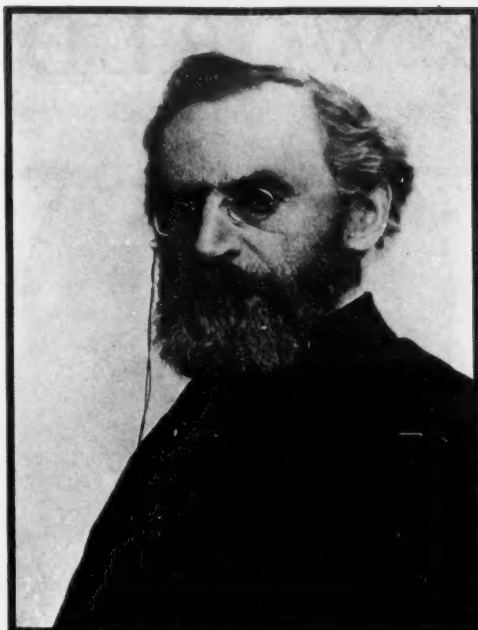
The experience with the Rate bill has apparently damaged beyond repair the non-partizan Administration party which has seemed to be growing up in Congress. On some of his most important policies the President has had more sympathy among the Democrats than among his own political associates. This has been notably the case in the matter of railroad rates, and in that of the Philippine tariff, and it would have been so to a still greater degree if the President had ventured to press his views on tariff revision in general. But the relations between Mr. Roosevelt and the Democrats have now reached a pitch of mutual exasperation that will render any further cooperation between them extremely difficult. Of course, Democratic votes may still be cast for Presidential measures on their merits, but there can hardly be any further advance agreements—unless by formal treaty, signed, sealed, and acknowledged before a notary public. And even such a treaty could scarcely be concluded without an arrangement that each day's negotiations should be recorded in signed protocols, to avoid the disagreeable possibility of having one side or the other accused of deliberate and unqualified falsification.

CARL SCHURZ

ASINGULARLY inspiring career ended on May 14 with the death of Carl Schurz, whose transfer from the German to the American stock of intellectual and moral wealth was one of the most signal proofs imaginable of the benefits a country may gain by liberty, or lose by the lack of it. Carl Schurz was born to be a German leader, but the small tyrants who ruled Germany in his youth could think of no better use for men of his kind than to hang them, and after the failure of an attempt to win reform by revolution, he had to go into exile. Thus the talents, the high purpose, and the patriotism that might have given an ideal Chancellor to a liberal German Emperor became the possession of America.

Coming to the United States in 1852, Schurz was an American citizen of longer standing than Mr. Bryan, Senator Bailey, or President Roosevelt. He found no restriction of opportunity in his change of allegiance. In Germany he had fought for freedom for himself; in America he was free, but others were not, and he fought for them. His political career in this country began with that of the Republican party. He was making German speeches for Fremont, the first Republican Presidential candidate, in 1856, and he made his first English speech in 1858, the year of President Roosevelt's birth. His political services were so distinguished that in 1861 the young German exile, less than nine years a resident and four years a citizen of the United States, was appointed by Lincoln Minister to Spain at the age of thirty-two, and upon resigning that office was made a Brigadier-General and then a Major-General.

Had Schurz possessed any amenability to party discipline, he would easily have become one of the greatest political figures of the next forty years. Barred by his birth from the Presidency, he could have been a maker of Presidents. As it was, he reached the Senate and the Cabinet. But it was his destiny to "plow a lonely furrow." Always he did what he thought right, not what a party machine thought expedient. Sometimes he acted with one party, sometimes with another, and sometimes with none, but



CARL SCHURZ

Born at Liblar, Germany, March 2, 1829; died in New York, May 14, 1906, aged 77

it was the party policies that changed, not he. His course never varied. With him principles and practice were the same. As Secretary of the Interior he put his department on a civil service reform basis six years before the reform law was written on the statute books. When the Republicans nominated a doubtful candidate for President he stood with the Democrats; when the Democrats advocated free silver he stood with the Republicans. He respected the rights of the Filipino as he did those of the Indian and the negro. The ideals for which he was ready to die in his youth remained the standards by which he lived in his age.

To hear a speech by Carl Schurz on some subject on which he was profoundly moved was a thrilling experience, but even to read one was an intellectual treat and a moral inspiration. The transparent sincerity, the lofty idealism, and the profound and

sustained reasoning of his arguments were in refreshing contrast with the cynical flippancies of so many political addresses, and the perfect mastery of English they disclosed was equaled by few orators to whom the tongue was native.

Schurz was always morally right, but, of course, no man could always be intellectually right. He came as near to that as anybody, perhaps, and in political matters it would be hard to point to any serious mistake in his long career. In military matters he did not hesitate to give advice to Lincoln at times when Lincoln was better qualified to judge than he. He had very positive opinions on everything, and when he had opinions it was impossible for him to avoid expressing them. But right or wrong it was impossible for anybody to suggest that his expressions were not the outcome of absolute intellectual honesty.

When the Republicans held their brief control of Missouri after the war, Schurz became Senator from that State. During his term of office he became estranged from his party, favoring the candidacy of Greeley against Grant in 1872. At the same time Missouri was swinging over from Republicanism to Democracy. This would have afforded an admirable opportunity for a politician to consolidate his position, securing life tenure of the Senatorship as a convert to the new faith of his State. But Schurz was satisfied with simply doing his duty, and his duty retired him to private life until Hayes took him out of it to add character to his Cabinet. Through his long career honors came to him intermittently, but honor was with him always.

RUSSIA'S PARLIAMENT

THE career of Russia as a constitutional monarchy began on May 10 with the opening of the Duma by the Czar. When the States General met in France under somewhat similar conditions, it practically assumed supreme power in about six weeks, and the Bastille was destroyed a month later. Whether events will move as rapidly in Russia remains to be seen, but it is certain that the spirit of the Duma on its opening day was more hostile to the Government than that of the States General at the same stage of its career. Every attempt had been made to impress the members with the splendor and majesty of the imperial system. The ceremonies were held in the Winter Palace, in the presence of the empresses, the grand dukes, and a glittering mass of courtiers, whose jewel-encrusted costumes were in significant contrast to the plain evening dress or peasant blouses of the people's representatives.

The speech from the throne was short and disappointing. The Czar said:

"I shall keep inviolate the institutions which I have granted with the firm assurance that you will devote all your strength to the service of your country, and especially to the needs of the peasantry, which are so close to my heart, and to the education of the people and their economical welfare, remembering that to the dignity and prosperity of the State not only freedom but order founded upon justice are necessary."

"I desire from my heart to see my people happy, and hand down to my son an empire secure, well organized, and enlightened."

"May God bless the work that lies before me in unity with the Council of the Empire and the Imperial Duma. May this day be the day of the moral revival of Russia, and the day for the renewal of its highest forces."

The courtiers welcomed this non-committal address with a roar of approval, but the members of the Duma received it in ominous silence. They quietly watched the Emperor and his gaudy train disappear, and then they were marched to the steamer that was to carry them to their own meeting-place. They made their way to their hall in the Tauride Palace through a wildly cheering crowd, and promptly elected Professor Sergei Mouroumself president by a vote of 426 to 7. Upon



THE PARIS STATUE OF FRANKLIN

Presented by Mr. John H. Harjes, of Philadelphia; unveiled April 27, with brilliant ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by the donor, and by representatives of the French and American Governments, as well as of the City of Paris



READY FOR THE CHEERFUL FIRST OF MAY IN PARIS

Troops encamped in the Galerie des Machines. It had been expected that May Day would be signalized by serious riots, and perhaps by a revolution, and well-to-do fugitives had streamed out of Paris, but the Government made such thorough military preparations that the disorderly elements were overawed

taking the chair the new president ordered the Government officials who encumbered the floor to retire. They went, and the cheering Duma enjoyed its first taste of power. It had another when Ivan Petrunkevitch, who had been insolently snubbed by the young Czar a dozen years before for daring to mention the word "constitution," mounted the tribune and set the House in a flame of enthusiasm by telling it that the first words pronounced in an assembly of the Russian people should be freedom and a demand for amnesty for those who had fought for the cause.

After the first day's session of the Duma, President Mourontseff was received by the Czar, and a conciliatory spirit was displayed on both sides. The calmly determined manner in which the House had taken up its duties produced a most hopeful impression upon the country. It had been feared that with their total lack of Parliamentary experience, and the lack even of ordinary education on the part of many of them, the members might be betrayed into some reckless action which would give the reactionary cabal at court an excuse for suppressing the whole institution before it had fairly begun to work. There was a strong feeling, especially among the peasants and the workmen, in favor of the immediate passage of a resolution demanding amnesty and the abolition of the Council of the Empire, which is to act as an Upper House of Parliament. But the cool-headed leaders succeeded in inducing the radicals to wait for the preparation of a dignified address in reply to the speech from the throne, promising that all reasonable reforms should have due attention.

To clinch this understanding the House on May 12 unanimously adopted a resolution instructing the Committee on the Reply to embody in its address a request for complete amnesty for all political, agrarian, and military crimes, and the abolition of the death penalty for all offenses of every sort. Those who had expected the peasants to be a conservative element, awed by their simple faith in the Czar, were painfully disappointed. The peasant deputies took the lead in every radical movement, and a hundred and twenty-two of them even refused to attend the banquet given by the St. Petersburg City Council in honor of the Duma, on the ground that they could not approve the expenditure of \$3,500 for such a purpose while the poor were facing starvation. The Secret Congress of the Social Democrats met on the 12th and decided to suspend the boycott of Parliament for the

time, and not to give countenance to tactics of terrorism. This policy did not meet with entire success, however, for in America M. Gorky persisted in denouncing the Duma and in asserting that nothing but a violent revolution could save Russia, while on the occasion of the one-day strike ordered as an exhibition of power for May 14, the Russian May Day, Vice-Admiral Kuzmich, the commander of the port of St. Petersburg, was assassinated. More than two hundred thousand men paraded afterward, in spite of police proclamations forbidding the demonstrations, and work was suspended in most of the cities of Russia.

MORE OIL LIGHT

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the publication of a second manifesto by Chancellor Day of Syracuse University in praise of the Standard Oil Company, the Interstate Commerce Commission began taking testimony in Chicago about the business methods of that philanthropic institution. The results were considerably divergent from Dr. Day's view of the Standard's sanctity.

Mr. Maxon, who had been in the employ of the Standard Oil Company for twenty-seven years, from 1876 to 1903, rising from the position of porter to that of district manager, testified that the Trust's favorite method of driving competitors out of business was that of organizing dummy companies. A house to house canvass would be made in a given district, showing who was using independent oil and who was buying the Standard product. Then the dummy companies would be told to get the business of the independents. Their agents would visit the houses on the lists and offer to make tests of the quality of the oil. By manipulating the air drafts on the lamps the independent oil would be made to burn with a smoky flame, while the disguised Standard Oil burned clear and bright. In other cases slashing cuts in prices were resorted to.

This witness testified that he had often secured special freight rates from the railroads, and that the reductions from the open tariffs had amounted to between fifty and seventy per cent. This continued until 1899 or 1900, when Vice-President Collings gave instructions to pay regular tariff rates. He said that one way in which the railroads disguised their

rebates to the Standard was in buying all their lubricating oil from one of its subsidiary companies at two or three times the market price.

Another former employee of the Standard Oil Company, named Wilholt, now an independent dealer, told how he had formerly been required to spy upon the independents and how the same methods were now employed against himself. He said that he was compelled to load his cars from a Standard Oil platform. Once he put in his barrels with the addresses down. A Standard Oil agent crawled into the car, turned over every barrel, and copied the consignments.

H. J. Cohn, a former Standard Oil agent, testified that the agents of the Missouri Pacific Railroad had also acted as agents of the Standard, and had been paid at the rate of a cent a gallon for all the oil they sold. F. S. Hibbs, another graduate of "the Standard Oil School of Trickery," as Attorney Monnett described it, gave further explanations of the methods used to convince consumers that independent oil was of poor quality. For the rival oil the experimenter used a new chimney, because the magnesia in the glass would make it look cloudy. The Standard product was tested with an old chimney and a perfectly dried wick of just the right length. "We used to rub a moistened finger over the wick of the competitor," added Mr. Hibbs, "and after it had burned a short time the damp spot would be reached, the light would grow dim, and there would be a sputtering. . . . Sometimes we would fill up some of the ventilating holes around the burner with chewing gum." By these and similar methods he had convinced customers that the Standard product was superior when it was really inferior. Asked whether the Standard still resorted to such tactics, the witness answered:

"Yes. They are doing it to-day. They pay rebates, bribe people, cut the price, and substitute an inferior quality of oil, and, in fact, do anything necessary to get the business and to put competition out of the way."

Other stories of bribery of employees of railroads and manufacturing companies were told, and one case was cited in which a wire and nail mill in Indiana had to shut down because a Standard Oil representative had put grit in oil bought from an independent company. The Standard's counsel objected to much of this testimony, and accused the Commission of "muck-raking." Commissioner Clements responded: "The muck-rake won't hurt your clients if they are not in the muck, will it?"

THE TORNADO

LOVE CONQUERS IN A CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION

By SARAH COMSTOCK

THE massive, shapely heads of child and man; the powerful necks; the rough, cropped curls of both, one tangle of them brightened by vacillating yellows, the other settled into a sober, adult brown—where Shar stood behind them the resemblance struck her more forcibly than ever before, and perhaps added fuel to the flame.

They were bending over a chart on the table. Jim was saying: "You see, kid, these are the tracks of the '79 cyclones. Thirteen of 'em in two days—two hundred an' sixty-two houses destroyed. Now, if science'd only been ready to meet 'em then—"

Shar hurried out to the porch to be alone. The tension of a Kansas drought was upon her; the physical strain of the dryness and the mental strain of looking vainly for relief had brought her nerves to the snapping point. But this was merely incidental. The break had been threatening for years, and it had to come sooner or later.

In spite of herself she glanced back through the window. They continued to bend over books and charts, keen, absorbed. They were unconscious of the oppressive heat of the kerosene lamp—the same lamp for which she had long ago made a tasseled mat of many colors and a gaily cross-stitched shade when the joy of her home was new.

"Now this 'ere's the track of the Irving cyclone, Hilly," Jim was explaining. "It started a ways west o' Wild Cat, moved northeast 'most into Iowa, then it disappeared. That's a thing they do every time; move from southwest to northeast. Look at this chart—an' this. You can count on it every time."

"Then it'll be easier to hit 'em, won't it, when you know just where they're goin'?" "Tain't like they could run another way when they see you comin'." The boy's eyes were all pupils with eagerness.

Jim laughed, delighted with the child's understanding. "That's just the point, kid. 'Tain't like playin' tag. The twister's got every advantage in size an' speed, but it can't do no thinkin' an' it can't do no dodgin'. Now it's just like this: Suppose I see a big black funnel cloud come waltzin' up from summers down A direction. I know it's got to pass through B region if it comes from A, don't I?"—pointing to a diagram of his own. "Now if it's near enough to any o' my bombs I just touch the proper wire an' I say, 'Mr. Twister,' says I, 'it's all up with you when you come my way.'"

"An' then you put off the bomb—bang!—an' Mr. Twister drops down dead an' he can't kill any more people," panted the child, thrilled by the imagined drama. He seized his father's shoulders, shaking them for emphasis. "Dad—Dad—put off the 'spermental bomb now—the one that can't hurt anybody—you said you would this week."

An unaccustomed flush glowed through the man's dark skin. He had worked and thought so long alone—and now the boy was just coming to an age when he could respond in a way. "I'll do it; we'll do it together, kid!" Jim cried.

Shar saw them go to the table thing she hated. Jim called it the switchboard, and asked her not to dust it. They examined, discussed in low-voiced excitement. Moments passed; then the dull air was shocked by a report to the west and the darkness there was cut by a long blade of fire. Shar's taut nerves shuddered, and she cried out and pressed her hands against her ears. When she looked the two were in a riot of enthusiasm; the boy was shouting wildly.

"It'll scare Mr. Twister to death if it don't kill him any other way," Jim said, laughing happily.

Hilary would not joke. "But it will kill him, won't it?" he insisted. "Or is he too big? We're like little dwarfs to him, ain't we? Even you, Daddy? Like a little dwarf?"

Jim sobered. "There's them as says it can't be done, that Nature's too strong." Then he shook off the thought. "No, no, kid, it's bound to kill him. It can't help doin' it."

The child was studying. "Don't you s'pose it would be better if you prayed for it to succeed?" he asked. "The Sunday-school superintendent said we had to pray for God to prosper our works."

His father spoke slowly, carefully. "Hilly, you've gone on believin' all that long enough—you're old enough to know what's true. There ain't nobody up there to pray to, little chap. There ain't nobody keeps watch over you only Mom an' Dad. But there's nothin'

man can't accomplish if he will, with his strength an' his brain. Only he's got to do it alone."

Shar's lower lip showed the puffed, scarlet marks of her teeth. Suddenly the quiet of finality possessed her. She went back to the sitting-room.

"Hilary, go upstairs where you can study your leaflet. You're forgettin' this is Saturday night," she said, self-reined. When she and Jim were alone: "It's got to come, an' it might as well come now."

If he had asked what had got to come she would have told him that he knew well enough; but as he sat silent she said: "I'm goin' back to my own farm."

Still he said nothing, looking at her with gentle eyes. She burst forth then, fiercely:

"It's gone on as long as it can go on. I'm yoked with an unbeliever, an' it's a sin for me to stay in such a house, an' a worse one to let my child be learned such things. What you're doin' is tryin' to interfere with Divine Providence. You've been tryin' to tamper with the ways of the Creator ever since I knew you, an' now you're workin' days an' nights an' Sundays a-plottin' to upset the cyclones He sends as a just punishment for sin." For a moment her love for him rose above her sense of righteous indignation, and she pleaded: "Oh, Jim, Jim, can't you understand, dear? That bomb contraption ain't the way to stop 'em. It's to lead a life of piety and prayer. Why can't we lead that life together an' learn the child the same lesson?"

His lips relaxed in a patient, pitying smile. She saw, just as she had seen a hundred times before, that argument and pleading were useless and she drew back. "Until the people of this land lead a righteous life, the Lord'll send devastation upon them," she said. "I'm

goin' to take my child where he won't hear no more heresy."

It was not until this that he grasped the fact that she meant to take Hilary, and he flashed. "No, you shan't," he said sternly. "You shan't take the boy." But he smiled again, tolerantly, as at a child's outbreak. "You'll never go yourself, Shar. W'y, who'd run the farm for you?" He had managed it along with his own since her father's death.

"I reckon the Lord'll guide me since I'm doin' it in the cause of right."

"No, no," he said, shaking his head. "It's one thing for a man to run a farm, an' another thing for a woman. Let's quit talkin' about it all."

He always loved home peace—loved it to the point of being willing that she should follow her creed while he followed his: namely, the rejection of that upon which the laboratory fails to throw light. But peace to her could be bought only by his conversion.

He put away the books and charts in a high walnut desk and went out.

"Jim," she called after him.

"What?"

"If you care to know, on account o' your plans, I'm goin' to get off by the middle o' next week."

He went on without speaking. She saw that he did not believe her, and her resolution rose in defense.

She went to the bedroom and began taking out hairpins before the glass, laying them on the bureau. It had never, in all these years, become just "the bureau" to her, like a thing used but unnoticed. She never approached it without remembering the evenings when Jim had patiently carved and built it with that wonderful deftness of his, because in those days he could not afford the prototype she had wanted in a Topeka shop.

Her hands dropped as she looked at it, and the masses of dark-brown hair, warm, autumnal, fell over her shoulders and her full, brave chest, such as Western women have. A sob wrenched her, more rose. All at once she turned white with fear of herself and checked them sharply. With a quick resolve she caught up the tumbled locks again, fastened them, seized her hat.

"Hilly!" she called. "Hurry an' get ready. I want to take you over to the old farm with me."

She hurried the bewildered child to the door, urged him while he helped her make the horse ready. "You're so slow, Hilly," she fretted.

"Where you goin'?" Jim asked, strolling back.

She kept her face from him. "I've changed my mind. I'm goin' now instead o' next week. I'll send Tilda over for my things."

Again there was a flash. "You shan't take the boy—I forbid you," he cried. There was a pause. "No," he said slowly; "take him. I reckon it's the best way o' settlin' things. Maybe we can forget about arguin' when you come back." There was no taunt in the tone; there was charity in the "we." "Yes—that's the best way," he summed up gently.

He stood listening to the loose, rattling wheels growing fainter in the dust until they were lost in a dying whirl down the "Maple Alley" that stretched through the hot dark. He went back to the sitting-room and took out the diagrams again. After a while he forgot them and fell to studying vacancy. "What if she should hold out after all?" he thought. But again came the forbearing smile. "Let her take her time—it'll be better for us all in the end."

II

SHAR went through the winter bravely. She could not look down the Maple Alley that joined the farms, nor endure the fragrance of dried lemon verbena leaves such as had scented her wedding garments; but she could shut the door upon memories and be cheerful. Her old beauty came back now it was all over, now she had come to her decision and acted upon it. If Jim had seen her he would have marveled at her likeness to the girl he had wooed—when the weight of coils upon her crown, the swish of skirts below her ankles, the pressure of stays against her waist were new to her and she had felt a sweet, secret pride in the womanhood they meant.

Crop problems arose. She faced them, made mistakes, righted them as well as she could, pretended that they did not matter. Summer came. In spite of



The crisis acted like a stimulant

the heat she kept up her brisk step and bright voice for the child's sake.

Jim buried himself in his work. He had always studied—painfully, because alone. College had been denied him, even the district school had been given up early; he had eked out with books and correspondence schools. The applications of science held his strongest interest; and they were worth while to him only when they concerned broad issues, great conquests of nature. Accounts of the imprisonment of lightning, the undermining of world-old rocks, the breaking of arrogant waters thrilled him. Irrigation had once been his hobby; of late years a war against the demon of the Middle West, the tornado, had been the one absorbing topic.

A famous meteorologist of the Weather Bureau was advocating the use of the bomb. Men had tried it and failed. He, Jim Beach, would succeed. He exchanged letters with the scientist. He saw the mistakes of his predecessors; felt that he could avoid them. The creature hung over that golden land of plenty, always ready to descend. With one beat of a wing it could wipe out farms, cities, lives. Once his invention was proved, once the men of a State were convinced, organized, armed, the creature's reign there was at an end.

For several years his bombs had been ready, and he had looked, summer after summer, for the enemy. But he never was done perfecting his work. This winter he spent again among his books, studying the atmospheric conditions that produce the cloud, the gyrating winds of the funnel. A certain officer of the Signal Corps who had made a special study of tornadoes, once more published his opinion that all kinds of tornado traps were toys to the cloud, and that it was folly for man to attempt anything but escape. This depressed Jim for a time; but in the late winter a wonderful event took place. The great Weather Bureau man, traveling westward, came to see him. He trembled with excitement as he showed his crude little laboratory, and the projectiles hung around its walls; the mortars that had long been standing guard over his farm, a sombre, bidding line; the arrangement of wires connecting them with the switchboard, now removed to a queer, pink tower erected in the garden.

"You're tackling one of the big problems of our country and you're going at it the right way," the man said. "I don't care who croaks. There's no more reason for doubting the success of the thing than for doubting that a gun can dissipate a waterspout at sea—which is nothing more or less than a marine tornado. We know that's been done; why not this? St. Louis lost twenty million dollars' worth of property in ten minutes. The bomb ought to have saved every penny of that, to say nothing of lives."

That visit carried Jim through tedious months and made him forget, for awhile, the scoffing of the Signal Corps officer. His invention was somehow more real to him now he had talked it over with another enthusiast. Before, while it had been housed in his brain, it had been like a picture in the dusk of a room; now it was brought suddenly into the light, and form and color came out with a new vividness.

The patience with which he had waited for a chance to prove himself to the world—that same quality which made him wait on, month after month, for Shar—was not to be tried much longer. While summer lay hot the day came—what he had long thought of as "his day." One evening, the sun, portly, apoplectic, slipped under the fields of corn and with it went its light. Instead of a glow came a sudden dullness as of a muffling veil drawn quickly over the western sky, although no distinct cloud forms were to be seen.

At the old farm Shar threw herself into the hammock with a long, labored breath. "I never felt like this since I took sick with malaria when I was a little kid," she said. "Seems like somethin's takin' all the life out o' me. I believe the cat feels the same way. Look at her."

The cat had selected a stone for coolness and lay stretched out upon it. She lay on her side, extending legs and tail in five directions to avoid the heat of their contact. Although she had just eaten supper she did not attempt the usual bath, but let her head loll upon the stone.

"I never seen her act so dumpish. See if she'll play, Hilary."

Hilary wagged a head of Long Tom grass near her. She rolled her hazel eyes toward it but made no further motion.

"First time I ever seen that cat when she wouldn't play. Get the thermometer, dear, an' let's look at it."

He brought a red velvet plaque adorned with painted pink roses. A small thermometer was fastened upon it with ribbons.

"Only seventy-two!" he exclaimed, and she verified it. "Feels about a hundred an' twenty," she said. "It's a queer night."

She fell back in the hammock. "Funny thing, I've got a headache. I always heard other women talk about 'em, but I never was that kind. It aches just like the clock ticks, an' every time I move it ticks louder."

Hilary approached the hammock with an embar-

assed, masculine desire to help. Shyly he put his hand on the rope and swung her. She drew him to her and buried her face for a minute in the gaudy little printed shirt-waist over which a droll pack of red and blue dogs was forever chasing.

A grain buyer, who was driving along the road, stopped for a drink, and Shar called Tilda to bring iced tea. It came in a huge pitcher, against the sides of which miniature icebergs clinked temptingly. The lemon had not penetrated to Kansas farms. They all drank as if famished.

"You don't look very spry to-night," the buyer said.

"I'm limp as a rag."

"The flag looks about like you." Hilary's flag hung motionless against its staff.

"Yes. Don't the air feel queer? Not a breath. Look at the cottonwood, even."

The susceptible, restive leaves of the cottonwood tree did not stir on their pinched stems.

The buyer narrowed his eyes to look knowing.

"There was a night like this two years ago in Missouri. I was buyin' there. I know what it means. There's going to be a twister."

Shar started at the ominous words and tone, then



"I've found him, dearie," she cried, and laid him in his father's arms

she laughed. "Nonsense. I've heard people croak 'cyclone weather' all my life when it got muggy, an' I never seen a cyclone yet."

"Did you ever feel it as bad as this?"

"Not quite, but—"

The buyer wagged his head and smiled grimly. "We'll get it to-morrow." He drank a last glass of iced tea and went off.

Hilary had been listening with held breath. "Mom, do you think it's sure goin' to be a cyclone?"

"No, no, honey, he just wanted to scare us." But she moistened her finger and held it upright. "It's funny not to feel a breath of air even that way," she thought but did not say, believing that the child was alarmed.

The buyer had paused beside a tree. "Listen!" he called to them.

Shar checked the hammock's low creaking. They heard a hysterical, twittering crying from birds in the tree.

"Somethin's wrong when birds act that way at night," the man said.

That night the feeling of heat—a feeling which the thermometer refused to support—increased steadily. At first Shar fell asleep, but toward midnight she awakened with a dream of being smothered and found that the breathlessness of the air was almost painful. She threw a pillow upon the floor and lay there near the window, but found no relief. Finally she crept out to the hammock and spent the rest of the night in it, dozing and struggling in distressing dreams.

A dull sunlight burned through her eyelids and waked her at last. A murky look overcast the sky. There was a dead weight in the atmosphere, something that was as depressing mentally as physically.

"I could lay in that hammock all day. Seems like I jus' couldn't go to market," she said to Tilda, but she braced herself and drove into town.

On every hand she heard weather comments.

"Pretty bad lookin' sky."

"Notice how still it is? It always gets mighty still before it does its biggest roarin'."

The threat of the air was prolonged uncommonly. That day brought no catastrophe; the night passed like the one before; Sunday morning was like Saturday.

It was in the afternoon that Hilary called her from the house.

"Mom, look at the sky!"

From horizon to zenith the sky was all of a color—a strange yellow that cast an uncanny light on everything, on every face. The sky seemed very near; it was like a huge brass pot clapped upside down upon the world. Near the western horizon there was more brilliancy in the yellow, as if the brass there had been polished.

She had never seen this sky before, but she knew it. The prescience was instinctive. Every living creature recognized a sign. The cat's languidness was gone; instead of sprawling she crouched under the walnut whatnot, the fur about her head standing out like a ruff, her hazel eyes now black and glittering from fear. The dog slunk with his tail drooping as if he felt a lash about to descend. Birds had ceased to fly, and they huddled together in trees, whimpering. Grasshoppers crawled clumsily along the Madeira vines, trying to hide their large bodies under the small leaves.

Shar felt a catch at her heart, but she laid a reassuring hand upon Hilary's shoulder.

"Never mind, dear, it's all right. The Lord will care for us in time of peril."

But instead of a frightened child face she saw something that startled her. The boy's eyes were flashing, his breath quick, passionate. Once she had seen Jim like that when he had thought he should go to the Philippines with the Twentieth Kansas.

"Hilly, what's the matter?" she cried.

"It's goin' to be a cyclone; oh, I know it is!" he shouted, and his voice was big with exultation. "We'll fight it, we'll kill it. The bomb, the bomb!"

Her eyes whirled to the swiftness of his movements. He sprang upon his pony and was a speck down the road that led to his father's house.

Jim was working over a time-fuse, breathless, intense. He looked up at the sound of a horse's hoofs and a shout.

The dark flush of excitement that showed now and then burned under the brown. "Kid!" he cried.

"Are you fixin' the bomb? Are you ready, Dad?"

Jim looked into eyes that glowed like his own; he felt the boy's sharp breath and his own beat in elated unison. "Yes, I'm ready, kid," he cried, and it was a battle-cry. "We'll stand and fight together."

Shar was left stunned by the revolt. The boy had quietly accepted the separation during all these months, asking few questions, expressing no desire to see his father. She had wondered at the easy severing of the tie. Now it all flashed upon her: the bond that had been secretly cherished in the child mind, the silenced longings, the final abrupt flight. Jim's blood flowed in the boy's veins; the scent of the battle summoned them alike. They met in a world, a man's world, where she had no place.

As she stood, the clatter of wheels cut the silence. She did not turn until it stopped and she heard the young clergyman addressing her:

"The sky is threatening, is it not, Mrs. Beach?" he said nervously. His thin face was pallid. A habit he had of swallowing often was conspicuous now.

"The storm will soon be upon us," she answered solemnly. In the awed hush of the world her voice sounded to his quivering imagination like that of some prophetess of old.

"Do you not think—what is your idea?—would it not be as well to omit service this afternoon and let the parishioners seek God in their own dwellings?"

The scorn of her face frightened him. "The House of the Lord is the place to face peril," she said. "If you go on to your duty, Mr. Vance, I trust your parishioners will join you at church."

The power of action had returned to her. She mounted her horse and started down the old, neglected road. There was no time to reflect upon its associations—to recognize trees and fences, strangers for a year; to fling a word of greeting to the wild rosebush. She must ride—ride—save the boy—snatch him from the ungodliness to which he had fled.

She faced Jim in front of his house and wasted no time in preface. "Give me the boy!"

He seemed not to hear her demand nor to be conscious that this was their first meeting since she left him. He was white, beaded. "Quick, quick!" he shouted to her. "Help me fix this wire. The men have all run for the cyclone cellar. Here—I'll show you—"

"You're mad," she cried. "Get on your knees and pray God to forgive your heresy. Hilly! Hilly! Come with me to church!"

Jim's teeth were set. "You are neither of you to go to church," he said. "Shar, don't you know that the church is west from here? It's suicide to go there. You're safe here or in your own house to the east. No cyclone can get past my bombs. Come to the tower, Hilary."

But the child, frightened by the controversy, had

(Continued on page 26)



A TEMPER

To a Shorn Lamb of the Tenements, Whose Faith in the Established Order Transcended His Experience



BENNY SIMMONS had spent most of the night in going up and down stairs with a broken-lipped pitcher, which, however often he took it down empty, must once more be brought up full. Even an empty two-quart pitcher is a notable burden for one of Benny's stature, but when full the process of bringing it successfully to port, up five flights of stairs, is a matter to require the closest navigation. If the ascent is hastened by impatient calls from the top, there is danger of catastrophe, complete and terrific.

When this at last happened, Benny, staying for no court of inquiry to take up the matter, fled at once, crept under a bench in a moth-eaten bit of park near by, and there remained until morning, within the black shadow cast by the electric light.

At sunrise, hunger sent him home with a sharp command, which he obeyed with some hesitation, remembering how he had left the glimmering white fragments of the pitcher crying aloud for vengeance in the lower hall. Yet—even so—one must eat. With a small sigh he turned the corner of his own alleyway. Lo! a crowd, a patrol wagon, and a sudden friendly hiss in his ear:

"Run, kid! The S'iety's after youse!"

So he ran, as his kind can run at the sound of that name of dread, turned the corner without pursuit, and was straightway face to face with the world.

What his thoughts were, or how framed to himself, it would be difficult to guess. A pariah puppy, chased with unmistakable finality from the stable of its meagre youth, may reflect along the same lines, with thoughts equally inarticulate. So huge and primitive a problem probably does not lose in terror because one does not know with what words to discuss it in his own mind.

Heretofore, aside from carrying the pitcher up and down stairs, his chief occupation had been dragging a tin can about by a string. (If some skill is brought to the manipulation of this contrivance, and advantage taken of all obstructions to emphasize the rhythm of the sound, the result is a primitive and pleasing music.) When the hydrant was blown off, he had also successfully conducted irrigation operations in the gutter. At either of these tasks he could have held his own, but neither was lucrative.

However, he was already reasonably familiar with garbage-cans, and here, at the outset, fortune favored him; for quite at the top of the first one he investigated, there lay half of a loaf of bread, perfectly good but for a crack of green mold through its middle.

Yet his problem was not to admit of such easy solution,

for hardly had he grasped the bread when a tattered shadow was swept across him by the early sunlight, and the loaf was snatched by a larger hand—tremulous, bony, and soiled.

Turning about, not for argument, but because his eyes insisted on following the bread, he beheld a figure such as has been described by primitive adventurers. Once, we may believe, a company of such settled upon and spoiled the dinner of that other wanderer, Ulysses. Thus it was, according to precedent and dramatic fitness, that on the threshold of his errantry Benny Simmons should be met by this dreary and sinister emissary from the "House of a Hundred Sorrows." So they stared at each other, the problem of how to live in the world lying between them, Benny at the beginning of it, the old woman at the conclusion of it, and neither having any advantage over the other worth mentioning, as to the understanding of it. A flicker of hesitation crossed the face of a hundred sorrows. Thrusting back into Benny's hands the small remainder of the bread, she trailed away, muttering, in search of other ash-cans.

"Half a loaf," was Benny's inarticulate comment, "is better than no bread."

He watched the old woman kindly as he ate, and hoped gratefully that she would find all sorts of good things.

Having finished breakfast, he wandered westward—his shadow leading the way, thin and blue upon the already softening asphalt.

At Washington Square, for the first time his adventure began to please him, for here the world opened out as he had never dreamed. His shadow led him to a green bench where a gentleman of limitless leisure was reading a many-pictured paper which had become his at fourth or fifth hand.

Benny was so lost in surprise at the unexpected size of the sky in this region, and the lavish supply of trees, that for a while he forgot graver matters. When at last he remembered them—or his stomach did—his shadow had shrunk to nothing at all, and could lead him no further, and the sun was very hot indeed—the sparrows hopping languidly about, open-billed, with wings outspread and drooping. Where the leisurely gentleman had sat remained only the paper that he had been reading, and out of this, after Benny's eyes had drowsily rested upon it for some time, an idea evolved. One might, he remembered, sell papers. Before the episode of the pitcher there had been stormy discussion of it (but all discussions were stormy), which he had not much heeded, as a future occupation for himself.

He seized upon the windfall, carefully brushed off the dirt, smoothed the creases, held it flatly under his arm as he had seen other boys do, and went purposefully toward Sixth Avenue, where he marked such signs of traffic as argued it a good place to do business.

But, as often happens in the undertaking of a new enterprise, he was now blocked by unsuspected minutiae and ignorance of accepted forms. At first it looked well, for a fat man in a red-smeared white apron, who stood in a doorway of the market, seized his paper and gave him a penny, but hardly had he gone an arm's length in the direction of a bakery across the street when he was swept backward by a strong fat hand upon his collar, the penny was forced from his fingers, and the paper thrust in his face violently, while overhead raged words with which he was quite familiar, but which could be applied so impartially to any situation that they carried but little explanation with them, indicating merely that the speaker was in an unpleasant frame of mind.

Papers were papers, so far as Benny knew, and salable. It had never been brought to his notice that yesterday's paper had less value than to-day's. That something was very wrong, he understood, but connected it with his own personality rather than with his stock in trade. At any rate, whether the paper



JESSIE WILLSON SMITH

By GEORGIA WOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY JESSIE WILLSON SMITH

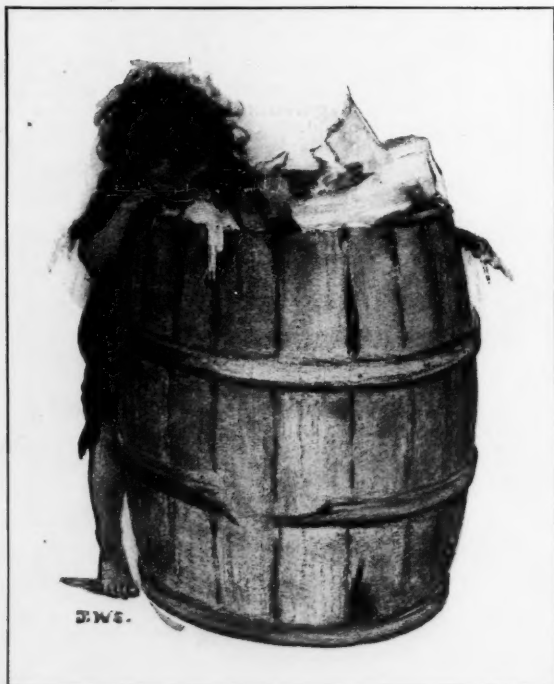
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in itself was right or wrong, it was his own. He restored to it what grace he might, as across the street from his angry customer at a distance, his extreme smallness became the violent contrast between himself and to that person's good nature.

"Oh! it is excellent to have a gig," Benny with inarticulate eloquence, as he paper—"but it is tyrannous to use it like that was that the butcher understood him.

An apple, seized from a pushcart, curved over the trolley cars and trucks a feet, crushing in one of its fair cheeks, picked it up, not reasoning at all about looking to see where it came from, but it made another asset. His luncheon was and he still had his paper against the sides; he was feeling disinclined for the moment. A singular giddiness was co the fat man's shaking head, and then to Washington Square, eating his apple round face as he settled for it with the distracted and troubled, for he had children.

It was now early afternoon, and the children in the park—some in clean white knees and white socks; little girls with hair; little boys—very much Benny's s



He was already reasonably familiar with garbage-cans

RED WIND



Winner of the One Thousand Dollar Prize in Collier's
Third Quarterly Contest, December 1905 to March 1906



balls and other trivial non-lucrative articles. Benny thought a little about his tin

can with a string, but was too warm and sleepy to spend much time in useless regret. He dreamed that the old lady who had met him by the garbage can came suddenly out from among the nursemaids, with a quite new loaf of bread and a cracked cup from his own kitchen, which had sometimes contained milk. But always, just as he was about to take it, he had to wake up and she vanished. Once as he opened his eyes upon one of these vanishings, they met a pair of round blue ones set in a plump clean face, above which, in a fluff of yellow hair, perked a large red bow; but before he knew whether it was a real thing or a dream it was snatched away.

"Miss Kathleen! My goodness! He might have something catching."

At last, however, the glaring afternoon grew softer, and the shadows longer. A small, cool breeze touched Benny's forehead like a child's hand, saying: "Let's go and sell the paper again, it's hungry time," and so once more he started out upon his adventures.

Newsboys are not allowed in the Viardot. Auguste, wild-haired, swift-footed, intervenes, waving his napkin, shooing as one shoos a cat. Nevertheless, the entrance being shadowy, and Auguste in discussion with Madame la Propriétaire, one may reach the shining tables with stealthy swiftness, offer a paper, and return into the gray street with nothing worse than a flick on the ear from Auguste's napkin. But by that time one has smelled soup, seen ice cream, and possibly sold a paper.

Benny Simmons, roaming uncertainly, even with a little timidity now—for it was evening and the afternoon had been filled with discouragements not set down here—saw a boy of evidently good standing in his own chosen trade, emerging swiftly from a lighted doorway. Auguste, with his pursuing napkin, was not visible from the street. Observing that the boy wore a cheerful grin and hastened up the street crying, "Here's yer evening Just-Out," with nonchalance and vigor, Benny decided to make the experiment for himself. But now, with the day's failure behind him, the contrast between his own personality and that of the successful competitor he had just met lay heavily upon him. Some children would have cried at this point—perhaps some people who are not children, on

reaching a similar point of an undertaking as important to them as was Benny Simmons's to him, would have felt at least a desire to cry. But the first precept laid down by Benny's philosophy had been concerning the futility of tears, so he only felt something grow heavier and heavier on his chest. There was indeed a slight gesture that you will often see exaggerated upon the stage—a small dirty hand pressed hard against his chest where the weight was. He was not now thinking much about food, but the selling of his paper had come to have importance of tremendous proportions. The idea had obsessed him, as ideas will sometimes obsess people when through great anxiety and physical distress the brain's action is rendered slightly uncertain.

Fate, which had taken charge of him that morning, and experimented with him here and there, had now grown something apologetic and inquiring through repeated failures. "Things do take a turn for the better sometimes. One never can tell what will happen inside a lighted doorway any more than inside a dark one. At least it is a good smell," and so it tried him on the Viardot.

The terrace of the Viardot is a good place at which to dine on hot summer evenings. It fills what was once the scanty backyard of an old brownstone house, looks out from three sides upon the backyard secrets of a long block of similar houses, and is in turn looked down upon by all their windows, so that it seems to lie midway in a sort of cañon, at the western end of

which the moon-face of the Jefferson Market clock blooms nightly against the sunset. There are ailantus trees all about, sweet and sickly, sprinkling untidy green flowers upon the tables.

One there escapes the pungent odor of the streets drawn up by the day's hot sun. One orders a pint of Viardot claret and a bottle of seltzer, making of it a beautiful iced ruby drink which shines as Auguste lights the gas. Looking in from the street you can see, through the dim length of the hall, the tables white under the gas, and the people with their neat dinners.

What it looked like to Benny Simmons it would be difficult for you and me to imagine—perhaps like such things as we, who carelessly partake every day of meals quite as attractive as this of the Viardot, shyly hope we may see shining for us after a weary and thirsty day, and after passing through something like this shadowed hallway which Benny now entered slowly, his face very white and sad under its unspeakable grime. Effectively, this was no place for him, any more than that other place will be for you or me.

At a table that commanded a good view of the entrance there sat a lady alone, the chair opposite her tipped forward in a dejected attitude, its wooden forehead resting on the cloth as if in prayer.

Now and then the lady looked toward the door. She had rather remarkable eyes—soft and black and troubled. She drew laborious patterns on the cloth with her fork and gathered up the littered ailantus flowers in neat windrows with accuracy and an apparent attention to what she did that made it seem an important occupation; but the ailantus blossoms might have stood for a multitude of worries, and the patterns on the cloth for distracted plans that must fit distracted circumstances. The hands were only trying their best to assist an anxious brain that was unconscious of them.

As she turned one of her frequent glances upon the door, she met the eyes of Benny Simmons, and in spite, perhaps because, of her own distress, she understood that here was one come to present a claim against the world in general. Some people there are who hold themselves liable for the world's debts, when claims of this nature are presented. She did not smile at Benny Simmons as one smiles at a child; rather it was a look of grave interest.

Benny came forward at once, furtive and small, so that the tables hid him until he had almost reached her with his yesterday's paper, when Auguste bore down with his napkin, which caught Benny full on the ear. As he fled, the lady half rose and spoke to Auguste, who did not hear because he was laughing at Benny. Then she shut her lips in a thin line and sat down, paler than before, to her occupation with the figures upon the



There is danger of catastrophe, complete and terrific

WOOD PANGBORN

BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

RIGHT 1906 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

wrong, it was his only asset, and as such grace he might, as soon as he was safely his angry customer. Perhaps, seen thus the smallness became more apparent, and between himself and the fat man appealed nature.

ent to have a giant's strength"—thus eloquence, as he bent over his crumpled annous to use it like a giant." Or so it understood him.

from a pushcart next the curb, suddenly cars and trucks and plumped at Benny's of its fair cheeks upon the pavement. He oning at all about cause and effect or it came from, but he almost smiled, for His luncheon was now accounted for, paper against the time for supper. Be-

disinclined for further business at the giddiness was coming over him, which had increased. He went slowly back, eating his apple. But the butcher's led for it with the pushcart man was ab- for he had children of his own.

ternoon, and there were many other chil- ne in clean white linen, with clean bare ; little girl with big crisp ribbons in their much Benny's seniors—with hoops and

cloth. If one is very unfortunate indeed, there are many little luxuries that one must learn to do without—such as paying a nickel for a dirty yesterday's paper, when offered by the littlest and weariest newsboy in all New York.

If one has dined on many pleasant evenings at the Viardot, there come to be associations with the languid and untidy ailantus trees, and with the solemn yellow face of the clock, and with the crude flavor of the Viardot claret, for of such materials are formed the habits of association that strike root into a place and claim it—for lack of a better place—as home.

And so, supposing one to have met with misfortune—so that one might no longer dine as one willed among all the restaurants of New York, but must choose the cheaper ones, among which the Viardot is the aristocrat—and supposing the misfortune now to be darkening down with breathless swiftness, so that the Viardot also is about to be snatched away and set among the other unattainable things, why then the last dinner eaten there among the ailantus trees, facing the sunset, might be fraught with tragic sentiment and concentrated realization of one's position.

When Leighton came at last, tired and absent-minded, to take possession of the chair that his wife had been keeping for him, she at once perceived that no hopeful event had brought relief to his drawn face, yet she could not keep from asking: "No news—of any kind?"

He shook his head, then looked around at the cheap furnishings of the Viardot with angry wistfulness.

"We've got to cut this out, I suppose."

"We can try light housekeeping, or board."

He hastily drank a glassful of claret. "A boarding-house"—he shivered, for he was by nature a lover of the fleshpots of Egypt. "I shan't mind," she ventured gently.

"Won't you? I shall mind for you, then. I didn't marry you for this sort of life."

"For any sort, wasn't it? . . . Do you know, within the last half-hour, I was wondering whether after all we didn't still belong to the lucky class who have no business to growl at things. People who are really unlucky put us to shame. . . . There was a newsboy here—I—" Her voice trailed off sadly.

"Another lost yellow dog that you wanted to waste your substance on? Poor Eunice! We'll have to cut out charity too, I'm afraid. People who are badly in debt can't give away things, you know. Other people's nickels can't be given to newsboys, you know."

"I know—I didn't give it. I wish I had, though."

Leighton's eyes had wandered to the doorway. He set down his crimson glass suddenly.

"Well, I'll be— Here, boy."

For in spite of Auguste, Benny's feet had strayed back to that shining door. He was not conscious of guiding them, only they were stubborn about going further, and kept creeping back—a course evidently justified, as matters were turning out.

But as he came forward to complete the transaction, he saw, just level with his eye, a platter of meat, with bread near it and vegetables. He forgot the money, the paper slipped from under his elbow, he gripped the table edge with his tiny gray finger-tips, and stared. Things wavered and grew black—all but the food. That seemed to swell and sparkle—to give out rainbow colors, while the odor of it went through him in waves. Then that faded also.

When the world came back, he was lying in a curiously soft and pleasant place, and the unaccustomed feeling of water was upon his face. He swallowed something—another spoonful—then with an eager whimper grabbed for the cup.

"Steady, old man."

What a crowd of faces! Auguste, who did not seem at all inclined to wave his napkin, Madame la Propriétaire, and many others at the back, while a gray-haired gentleman fed him soup in doses of one tablespoonful at a time and talked in large words to the other people—in small ones, now and then, to Benny.

Looking up, Benny discovered the Lady's face above him and understood that the pleasant soft place wherein he lay was the Lady's lap.

Then somewhere out of the crowd came that dreadful word, the "Society."

At that he struggled faintly to be up and off once more; but meeting her hand, cool and soft and reassuring, he forgot his purpose and merely shut his five fingers decisively about one of hers, while with the other hand he strove to hasten the soup to his mouth.

"Good business instinct," said Leighton sarcastically. "He knows when he's got hold of a good thing."

Indeed, it was odd what strength and determination Benny put into that grasp.

She tried once, very gently, to release her white fingers—for Benny's hands were really dreadful—but

which answered with the primeval logic of all Madonnas any argument which he might advance on the score of common sense, even before he spoke.

"We can't afford," he stammered, "we have no right—"

"He's so little!"

"But—what would my creditors say?"

"I know—but how big and strong we are!"

Yet Leighton, having beaten his brains out all day against a brazen wall of impossibilities, had come to regard himself as a straw in the wind, altogether without strength or purpose.

"Are we?" he muttered.

She looked up at him in a vague, startled way, saying swiftly:

"Do you realize that *he* would have been about as old as this if he had lived? If he had lived, we—we should have taken care of him somehow."

This evidently, to her, stood for an unanswerable argument, and she gathered the child toward her with an air of finality. Leighton made a brief stand with some troubled remark about heredity, but she countered swiftly with a confident one about the power of environment to counteract heredity, and he knew that the thing was settled.

They sat over their coffee until the other diners were gone, and Auguste had lowered all the lights but the one over their table. The ailantus trees gave forth the quiet drone of insects; the sombre, impersonal mutter of the city was like the sound of surf: Benny, a wisp of wreckage of undetermined value cast up by that careless tide. . . . Yet there is debate upon that point; some contending, with a show of reason, that the carelessness is superficial, merely, and a small matter; that care and purpose are the substance of the foundation of things.

Leighton brought his chair around to such a position that he could obtain an uninterrupted view of this new factor in his already difficult problem.

"He *is* rather small," he conceded, gingerly touching the inert hand. When it responded to his touch, closing quickly upon his finger, he found himself as powerless in its clasp as his wife had been, and let his hand remain, growing more and more amazed at the contrast between it and the one which held it. His was such a big, muscular, clean hand—capable of all sorts of effort—of wielding a sledge-hammer, if need were, for all its softness. What right had a man with hands like that to be discouraged, so long as such small and weak ones as this of Benny's were in need of help?

From this he began once more to grope at that brazen wall of impossibility upon whose smooth surface he had been bruising his fists these weeks and months. His eyes falling upon Benny's paper found in

it an emblem of pluck. One might suppose that anybody, by overhauling his assets, could find something equivalent to a yesterday's muddy paper as a starting point. . . . Perhaps, instead of scaling the wall, or breaking through it, one might burrow under, or go round about . . . he found himself shaping a scheme . . . the column of blurred figures bade fair to be added correctly at last.

"Well," he said slowly, "I dare say something will turn up."

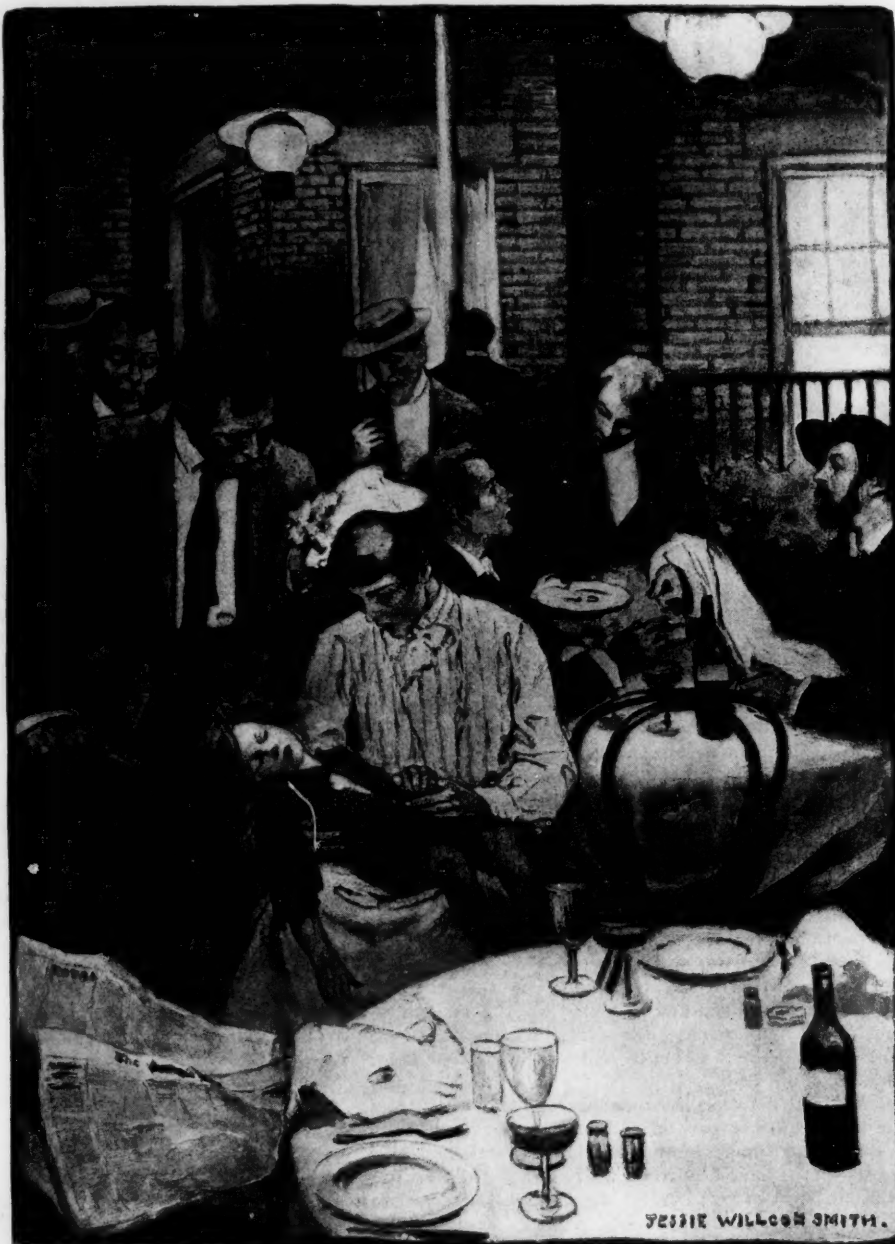
He lifted Benny out of his wife's lap and stood up. His face was less harassed. He smiled reassuringly at her over his grimy burden.

"Everything will come out all right," he said quietly, as one who knows.

The child roused, trembled, and clung to his coat like a frightened kitten.

"All right, old man, you've struck oil," Leighton informed him kindly.

Benny looked at him and Eunice searchingly, appearing to turn everything over carefully in his mind. Having reached a satisfactory conclusion, he smiled faintly, yawned, and trustfully relaxed once more into sleep.



He was lying in a curiously soft and pleasant place

had not the heart to try quite hard enough, particularly when he turned and looked her in the eyes determinedly.

Almost it was a menace. "You don't dare pull it away!"

Then, having had as much soup as the doctor said was good for him, he grew drowsy—very drowsy, indeed. They might have sent him to the Society or anywhere else, and he would have made no objection. He released the Lady's hand and lay altogether limp, while some of the people went back to their dinners, and the others stood around and gave advice. One man offered to get a policeman.

"I think," said the lady quietly, "we will manage some other way just for the present. He doesn't look as if anybody would miss him very much if we took him home for a bath and a good night's sleep."

The physician chuckled. "I wish you joy of him, madam," he said, going back to his dinner, and that, with an undertone of relief in their polite sarcasm, was the attitude in general of the other people.

Leighton considered his wife with alarm and some amusement. There was that in her Madonna attitude, her downward look upon the weary atom in her lap,



The FIRST NIGHT

BY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



Mr. Davis and Mr. George Ade, both of whom have broken into the drama from the fold of literature, have consented to tell how they felt when their plays first appeared. Mr. Ade's confession will be printed at an early date

WHEN Collier suggested that Ade and I should each come to the Experience Bench and describe his sensations on the first night of one of his plays, the mere memory left me cold.

My first nights have not been many, but on each of them the peculiar form of my unhappiness always has been the same. One man who has written a play will worry as to whether or not he has written a bad play; another may feel sorry for the manager who, through him, stands to lose many thousands of dollars; and another anticipates the humorous obituaries the critics will write on his failure. All of these things worry me, but not on a first night. On a first night I am too terrified to worry over trifles; the fact that I have written a bad play, that I may have driven the manager into bankruptcy, the star into vaudeville, and that in the morning the critics will flay me alive, does not reach me. I am held by only one consuming horror. It renders every other anxiety ridiculous. This horror is the awful fear that I may have to make a speech.

For a month before the first night, the possibility of my having to make that speech becomes a nightmare. It works overtime. By day, as well as by night, it haunts me, and to me the morning sunlight means only that the dreadful moment is one day nearer. When I first read in the newspapers the optimistic announcements that have escaped from the press agent, when first I behold the new three-sheets on the bill-boards, I do not see the name of the star, nor of the play, nor my own—although generally that is because it is at the foot where the snow and the mud have buried it—but, instead, I see

ON SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH
AT THE
GARDEN THEATRE
YOU
WILL TRY TO MAKE A
SPEECH

Every morning when, to rehearse the company, I come upon the cold and dismal stage, I see it blazing with light, the manager beckoning, the star grinning revengefully, and in the entrances the members of the company gazing with pitying contempt. I hear my own voice, many times removed, echoing, stumbling, breaking. I can hear the company whisper: "And *that's* the man who tried to tell me how to read lines?" And in front of me I behold thousands of jeering, mocking faces, torturers in evening dress: the strangers delighting in my

misery, my friends blushing with mortification at the awful spectacle I present. I can see them all quite clearly, and what is much worse, I can see myself even more clearly, "behavin' like a blooming fool."

You can not persuade a first-night audience that the author is an unwilling performer. Especially, this author. They do not know that the star and the manager and the house manager have told him unless he appears their chance of fortune is ruined, that the audience, slighted and insulted, will probably tear out the benches, and throw the automatic opera-glasses. They accuse him of ingratitude, of cowardly desertion, of being very naturally ashamed of his own work. So the author is sacrificed to make a Broadway holiday. As long as the manager can get another curtain call, he does not care how much of an ass the author makes of himself. To get two curtain calls, he would send him out in pajamas. But no one believes this. You do not believe it.

A Case of Physical Assault

One critic wrote: "At the close of the second act, Mr. Davis pushed himself in front of the curtain." As a matter of history, on that particular first night Mr. Davis was found hidden in the paint loft, and it took three grips and four supers to push him in front of the curtain. And the supers did not get all the best of it, either.

On the first night of "The Galloper" in Trenton, a former fellow-worker of mine, on the "Press," rushed up to me excitedly in the lobby: "I'm not sure," he said, "but I think I can get some fellows together and get you a call before the curtain. I'll do the best I can." I took him gently by the throat. "That," I told him, "is the funniest thing you ever said. You don't know why, but it is."

Whenever a play of mine comes round I determine I will conquer my fears; I assure myself that by now I probably am used to it; that this time I will be able to speak without suffering from nausea, softening of the brain, and paralysis of the vocal chords.

I write out a speech, and I learn it.

I practise it in the bath-room, with both spigots turned on. At the start it is quite a long speech, graceful, easy, and, to my mind, brilliant. In it I thank the star, the ladies and gentlemen of the company, and the manager, "who has given us so generous a production." The audience I thank for its encouragement and kind applause; the speech then launches into epigram, jest and mirth-provoking sallies. And I deliver it in a manner quite worthy of the speech. For the first week I wonder how it was I ever thought speech-making difficult. For obtaining my admira-

tion so easily I harbor resentment toward Augustus Thomas.

When the first night is two weeks distant, the speech seems a trifle long, and during my bedroom rehearsals the recollection of other first-night speeches of mine, that were equally brilliant, but that died suddenly in mid-air, and never crossed the footlights, obtrude upon



Practising a speech in the bath-room, with both spigots turned on

me. So I cut out the humorous remarks on the elevation of the stage, the art of play-writing, and the police censorship, and retain that part only that shows me to be modest and grateful. Within a week of the production I find that all I can remember are the opening words, and when I try to accustom myself to the idea of saying them out loud with everybody listening, a familiar numbness comes over me, my spinal column turns to an icicle, and I have no idea what to do with any of my hands. No one ever had so many hands! On the day itself I throw overboard all of the speech except: "I thank you for the chance to thank Mr.—the Star—and the ladies and gentlemen of the company, and Mr.—the Manager—and, especially, yourselves for your kind applause."

The Awful Moment

By the end of the first act, I can not see why I should thank so many people; in fact, why should I thank anybody except the Star? And then, as the actors continue to inevitably eat their way through the second act, I can not see why I should thank anybody.

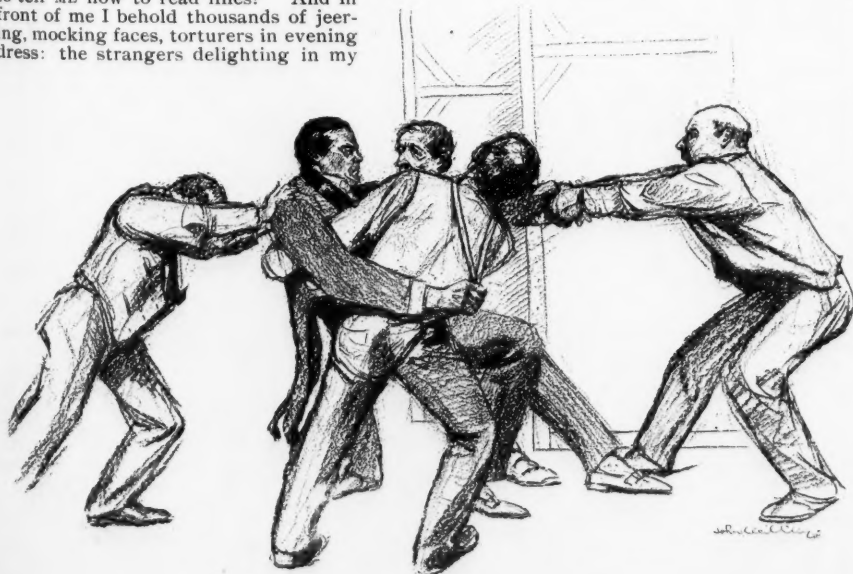
And as the curtain falls, I fly into the night, and hide where not even the press agent can find me.

On the first night in New York of "Ransom's Folly," I waited until Mr. Harris and Mr. Forbes were watching the second act, and then cautiously stole upstairs to the top seat in the top gallery. There, like an escaping felon, I crouched behind a fat man, and heard Edeson say all the things I had wanted to say. But when Edeson retired, the fat man was not satisfied. With what evil intent I do not know, he yelled, "Davis! Author! Davis!"

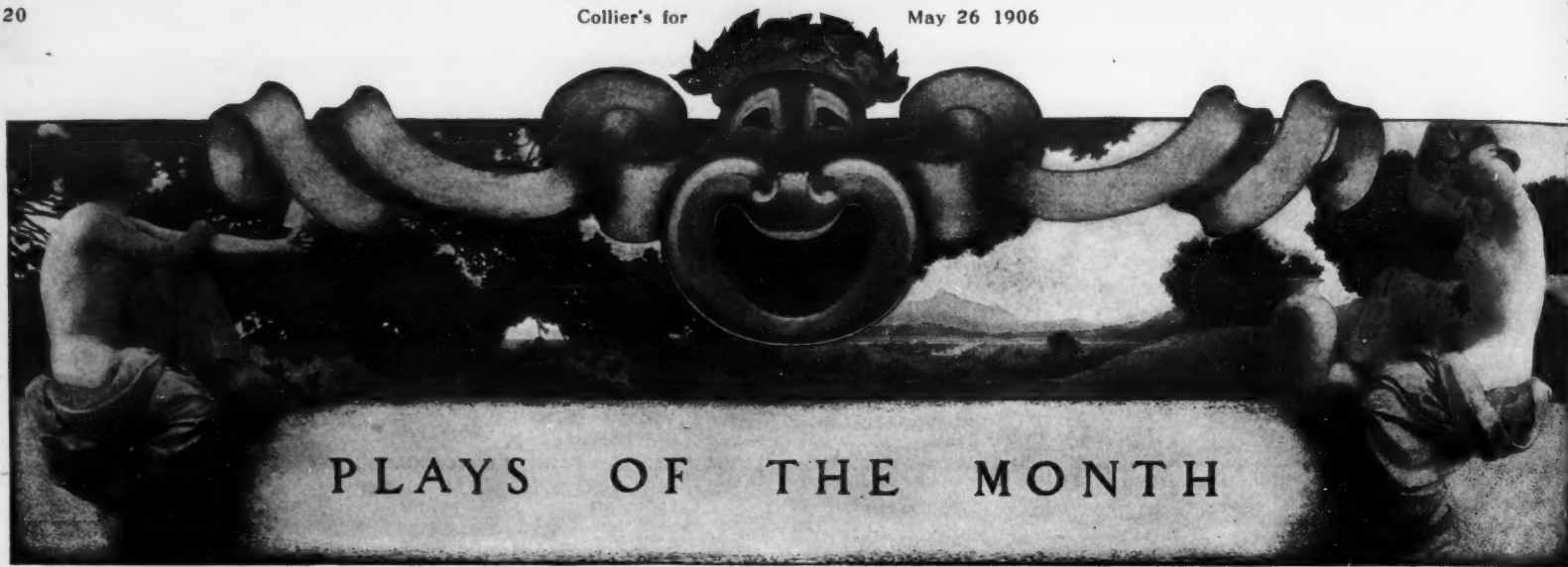
Now that the awful danger was past, I felt elated, and so, I too yelled; "Author! Davis! Author!" The fat man, pleased with my support, turned, and, while he stamped and applauded, nodded at me encouragingly.

"We'll get him out yet," he shouted.

"I'll bet you we don't!" I said.



It took three grips and four supers to push him in front of the curtain



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THESE are the days when a man wants to go out somewhere and make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Tantalizing smells of newly turned earth ascend from the little bricked-in rectangles in front of cross-street boarding-houses; the tulips have bloomed in Union Square. Even in Broadway spring unlocks the flowers—such gowns, *à la princesse* and otherwise, raspberry, straw, and lavender! Marcelled above, silken-hosed below, they paint the laughing street! Barnstormers returning from the provinces explain some of them, but more are but the natural flowers of the season. The staid American can scarcely stroll from Longacre Square to Thirty-fourth Street one of these warm *matinée* afternoons without wondering what on earth George Washington would say. Within the playhouses no less than in the fields ethereal mildness descends—very mild, sometimes. Thinking becomes difficult, bothering about the woes of make-believe people unprofitable. In what dark backward and abysm of time was it that folks worried about Mrs. Warren and effervesced over the Superman? The Intellectual Slap-Stick Man has become the property of department stores and one-night circuits. Schopenhauerish ideas are no more the material for a pose than those of Hall Caine or Miss Corelli. Even enthusiasm over *The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up*, *Columbine* and *Alice* seems like an echo of one's youth. Our winter ideas, like our winter clothes, wax suddenly antique and dusty. The time has come, in short, not to praise plays but to bury them.

The Russian Players

From the general obsequies, however, must be excluded the Russian players, who returned, after some weeks' absence, to give a few performances at the little theatre in Forty-fourth Street. Not even a balmy spring evening and the gloomy stories that most of their plays have to tell could dull one's delight in watching their acting, nor permit one to see the curtain finally go down without feeling a really personal sense of gratitude. It would have been unreasonable to ask that they become popular; only those specially interested in the technique of acting can be expected to bother much with plays they can not understand. And yet, remembering how ephemeral the actor's art must always be, it was hard to see these gifted visitors playing before a handful of people, and not to be conscious of a certain irony—as though one were watching a painter who had been deceived with adulterated colors which would fade as soon as his master-work had dried.

The quality which especially characterizes the performance of Mr. Orleneff, Miss Nasimoff, and their associates, and sets them apart from the average performance of an average play by an American company, might be called "conviction." Partly, no doubt, this quality resides in the stuff of which their plays are made—pieces often less plays in our comparatively dilettante understanding of the word than cross-sections of life transferred to the stage with the passionate earnestness of those who have literally shared in the sufferings they depict and who, in their fight for existence, regard the stage as less a place of amusement than a battleground. But more it is a matter of method and the actor's art—an art that seems to grow out of these naturalistic pieces, with their suppression of surprising "situations," their trivial action set against a background of blind power working relentlessly toward the final catastrophe. It is a method which involves complete self-effacement of the player's own personality

and ignoring the existence of the audience as a thing to play at, which is quiet instead of declamatory, and achieves its effects less by violence than by a scrupulous accuracy of detail. It differs from our more ordinary acting somewhat as De Maupassant's manner of telling a story differs from the diffuse and happy-go-lucky manner in which our average magazine stories are told. There is no hurry, no precipitation, no jumping at effects, no masking of inadequacy in purposeless bustling. The effect to be made has been calmly surveyed apparently; the means imaginatively worked out, and everything eliminated but those strokes that count. The result is a wonderful authenticity—and authenticity is only another way of saying that the player seems to be rather than to act the thing he plays.

Tragedies of Russian Life

In none of their plays by Russian authors have they appeared to better advantage than in Folomayeff's "The Abyss," recently put on, in which Miss Nasimoff played the principal rôle. This was partly because the action of the piece was so simple that the unfamiliar tongue offered scarcely any obstacle. Other more powerful dramas, such as "The Chosen People," for in-

brother at his studies in the *gymnasium*, Masha goes out into the street.

It is the sort of thing—this inner tragedy working itself out in an external setting of prosaic and almost trivial incident—in which Miss Nasimoff, with her dark beauty, her quiet method and unerring instinct for suggestive detail, is best able to show her power. Compared with hers the beauty that we are most accustomed to seems pale and brittle. She has a superb animal grace, a body at once vigorous and pliant as a leopard's, but the most striking thing about her, to us blond Westerners, is her eyes. They are so impressive, with their heavy black brows and lashes that seem literally to sweep the cheek, that they become almost a new organ of expression—you can almost speak of their "deep contralto notes," their "sweeping gestures." In some subtle way, some reverse of that process by which with a bit of red ribbon or a straw hat with a poppy in it, she transforms herself from an "intellectual" to a Zaza, she retained in this rôle all the power and appeal of this beauty, while at the same time it expressed only that which was youthful and virginal. All the performance had the conviction and unconscious authenticity of perfect art, but no moment of it was finer than her exit at the end of the third act, where Masha, come at last to the inevitable, left her room to go out into the city. She had been weeping—softly, brokenly, as a woman might. Suddenly she stopped, stood up very straight and stiff, and her face hardened. She wiped her eyes—not as she had wiped them before, but with two hard, straight, horizontal strokes, first on one side, then on the other. She walked to the door determined, but wavered there and, turning, looked back at her room. It was almost bare—only a table, a bureau, a chair, and an iron bedstead. It was by the bed that Masha stood, and, as she looked back for the last time, her hand straggled carelessly over her pillow, saying good-by to that. And as her eyes traveled from one object to another the shopgirl's little black hat bobbed jerkily, a movement so authentic yet so deft that what could be perfectly explained as the tremor of suppressed sobs was actually nods of farewell. This was all—not a word spoken, no hysterical gurgling, scarcely a gesture—then she faced about and the street door closed behind her.

Americans Have No Problems

No one wants our actors to act like Russians any more than one would have Booth Tarkington write like Flaubert or Maxim Gorky. Nor can one expect comfortable Americans to spend their evenings watching make-believe people staring into space and looking gloomy, merely because people happen to live that sort of thing in Russia. In the Russian understanding of the word—in spite of our magazine reformers—we have no problems. One must admit, too, that in the average American "show" these Russians would be far less finished and facile than our own people, while in our finer sorts of comedy, or the sophisticated fantasy of a Barrie, for instance, they would probably be hopelessly lost. Playing their own sort of plays, however, they are supremely excellent. The thing they brought to us—both what they had to say and the way they said it—was new, different from what we have to say and the way we say it. One could not see them without being filled with a certain missionary zeal, a wish that they might have become a sort of university extension course to bring home again to our own players the virtues of restraint and simple authenticity.

The *salade de saison* contains its usual variegated ingredients—revivals, weak-kneed new pieces that seem to have required the warm spring sun to bring them to the light of day, here and there a pilgrim from afar. Such is Miss Florence Roberts, who comes from the West and brings with her a work of two lady playwrights, Miss Alice M. Smith and Miss Charlotte Thompson, "The Strength of the Weak." To the unoriginal public the most interesting thing about Miss Roberts is that she not only looks like Mrs. Fiske, but talks and acts like her. It probably is more interesting to Miss Roberts that she does this latter unusually well. She is admirable in quiet passages surcharged with emotion, when her voice falls into the same contralto key and strikes out the lines with the same crisp sureness that has come to be associated with Mrs. Fiske. Her principal fault, especially in more active



Charles Ross, Adele Ritchie, and Frederic Bond in "The Social Whirl"

stance, have been clouded with long Socialistic discourses which, vital enough to Russians, would have had scarcely more than an academic interest here even if our audiences could have understood them. "The Abyss" is the story of a young girl's hopeless struggle against the brute power of a world which in the end claims her. Her family had lost all its money. Her mother is dead, her elder brother an exile in Siberia, and at the beginning of the play she is nursing her broken-down father in shabby quarters which they have managed to sublet from a washerwoman. It is another of those hopeless, ironical battles between the weak and the strong which Gorky and his followers are given to picturing. The cumulative blows of fate descend, one after another, and at last, to keep from starvation and—her one remaining hope—to keep the younger

moments, is a tendency toward obviousness, toward playing a bit too much at her audience, and rather jabbing her points in; but for all that she has distinctly justified her invasion of Broadway.

The play is of much more than usual interest, especially in the impression it conveys of having been constructed out of original material and by authors capable of original thought. It is quite modern, written with considerable vivacity, and contains a situation

"unpleasant" and dramatically startling. The heroine, a modern young woman, student at a woman's college, has a guardian who, under the mask of friendship and kindness, has wronged her in her early youth. Nobody knows her story, and she starts out courageously to live her life and achieve happiness in spite of it. She falls in love with a worthy young man, eventually tells him her history, and he as courageously forgives her. At the climax of their hard-won happiness, just as they are about to start out in life together, the guardian reappears. He already has a wife, and the young man is his son. There seems no way out, and the young woman kills herself. The theatrical effectiveness of the story is apparent enough. Its essential weakness is the entirely fortuitous relation between the guardian and the woman's lover, the lack of any logical cause for the final catastrophe. Except on the very general ground that if chastity is not preserved all social stability will go to smash, there is no fundamental law of life which would make the wicked guardian the young man's father. Indeed, the purpose of the authors was apparently precisely to show that this general law need not, indiscriminately, forever damn the innocent transgressor. And having, as far as their play was concerned, established their thesis, they turn about and demolish it in order to achieve a startling dramatic effect. The play just misses, therefore, being the real thing. It misses it in this illogical abandonment of its main idea, and it just misses it, periodically, all along the way, by a certain diffuseness and lack of grip—skipping out of the road, so to speak, to make a point, shrewd and telling enough, but irrelevant. It is always approaching and close to, but never quite arrives at, the

real thing. Miss Smith and Miss Thompson seem to be persons whom it will be worth while hearing again.

Another wanderer from the road is "The American Lord," in which Mr. W. H. Crane exhibits his familiar American type—the self-made crusty business man, with a dry humor and a warm heart. Mr. Crane does this sort of thing with the finished sureness of a veteran, if somewhat overmetallically, and the piece was written to give him an opportunity to do it again. It is machine-made, quite.

Bouncing Miss Hilda Spong bounces all round a sort of Lady Gay Spanker, Irish widow part, but never gets quite inside it. Of the other parts, that of an old negro servant is the only one in which the authors seem to have taken a real interest. It is amusingly written, and acted by Mr. Harry Blakemore with humor and charm.

Like an echo from a stormy past comes Mr. Arnold Daly's revival of Shaw's "Arms and the Man." It puzzled people when Mr. Mansfield first produced it here twelve years ago. Whom does it puzzle now, in spite of its eccentric skipping back and forth from straight comedy to mere burlesque? Even matinee audiences swallow it with bread-and-butter serenity and laugh in just the right place. Nothing that the Intellectual Slap-Stick Man has written is more genuinely humorous than the fun he pokes here at the conventionally romantic idea of the soldier, and Mr. Daly's capable company make it extremely entertaining. Mr. Dodson Mitchell was in his element as the bombastic Petkoff, Mr. Findlay gave another of his finished

sketches of a servant, and Miss Chrystal Herne, when not trying to give an imitation of a female baritone, was authentic and charming. Mr. Aubrey Bouicault would have done better with the exceedingly difficult part of the operative major if he had taken the trouble to memorize his lines. Mr. Daly himself was surprisingly efficient. He maintained Bluntschli's slow-witted shrewdness and naive practicality consistently, only now and then, especially in his exit in the last act, relapsing into his usual pseudo-clever flippancy. Incidentally, why does Mr. Daly, when he wants to appear dashing and forceful, hunch his right shoulder toward his ear, grab his cuffs, and, with his head on one side

and his arms swinging violently, dash off the stage like Mr. George Cohan singing the "Yankee Doodle Boy" in "Little Johnny Jones"? Nobody knows.

An Opera Built Around a March

That particular form of anesthesia which the musical play supplies during the dog days is already offered in two flavors—"The Free Lance" and "The Social Whirl." The music of the former is by Mr. Sousa, the band-man; the book by Mr. Smith. It is comic opera in the grand old pattern—there is a King of Braggadocio and a Duke of Graftiana, and a beautiful princess who won't marry the disagreeable old person her father wants her to—one of those operas in which the altitudinous Grand Vizier, or whatever they call him, strides down the footlights and in a sepulchral bass announces: "For I am the Chief of the etc., etc. In this I do excel."

SOPRANO CHORUS [grouped behind]: "In this he does excel."

GRAND VIZIER: "I certainly do excel."

CHORUS [wagging forefinger roguishly]: "He certainly does excel!"

Miss Nella Bergen sings prettily, Mr. Joseph Cawthorn and Miss Jeannette Lowrie are agreeably amusing as a brigand chief and a goose girl, but the most distinctive thing, of course, is Mr. Sousa's smashing march music and the uncommonly well-trained and melodious chorus which sings it. One tune, "On to Victory," which a whole stage full of people roar out with the verve and crispness of so many animate trumpets and snare-drums, sounds quite like the Sousa of old.

Pretty Good for the Summer Season

"The Social Whirl" is more of the modern, or Florodora, school. Mistaken identity that connects several persons with an item published in a paper devoted to social scandal supplies the action, which takes place in a very effete manicure parlor and on the lawn of a country club, the latter a scene of rather unusual prettiness and novelty. The book has no particular cleverness, and there is only one tune which, after persistent coaching from the orchestra, the crowd manage to whistle until they are a block or two from the theatre; but there is a great deal doing all the time, and it is done with considerable vivacity. Miss Maud Raymond was particularly good in a ragtime song about the coon who couldn't keep any of the many jobs he got because as soon as he began to work a band would strike up near by and he just had to keep on dancing until the music stopped. Miss Blanche Deyo danced gracefully, and Miss Adele Ritchie sang, and with the help of Mr. Charles Ross and Mr. Frederic Bond, gave, very badly, some imitations and three or four of those little burlesque sketches such as Miss Marie Cahill, for instance, always does so well. Mr. Joe Coyne in his usual near-English Silly Boy vein was much to be seen. When chidden by the Broadway favorite he slapped himself on the wrist and said, "Good-night, nurse!" which amused the audience very much, and when he asked her if she liked animals and she replied: "Are you looking for compliments?" they were amused even more.



Mr. Arnold Daly and Miss Chrystal Herne in "Arms and the Man"

OUR LATEST STORIES

A Review of the Last Quarter's Contribution in Fiction and some Comments on Objections that Have Been Raised

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

ALTHOUGH Tolstoi, Kipling, and like purveyors of fancy articles were exhibited in our columns during the period last completed, our \$1,000 of extra munificence, which for the welfare of fiction and ourselves is quarterly disbursed, goes for the second time to Georgia Wood Pangborn, author of "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom," "At Ephesus," and now of "A Tempered Wind." On any calculation of our own prosperity, this decision might be unfortunate, as producing monotony and inviting censure, but as our sole obligation is to select what to our finite vision appears the most superior story of the quarter, we lose no sleep in reflecting upon freaks of accident that might have been more profitable for us.

Luck is a personage who, in the drama of our human history, never fails in leading rôles. Sometimes she is the villain, turning the best made plans a-gley, and anon she is the heroine, unraveling complications of the worst. Good or ill, her part is not a minor one. Observe the application of these matters to the number and quality of stories accepted in each segment of the year. Since the last quarter ended, and the present one began, we have received already several tales so strong that they must be considered in the award; whereas last quarter the number accepted with enthusiasm was smaller than the average, and in the decision only one story besides "A Tempered Wind" received a vote. Mr. Ruhl favored "The Tornado," by Sarah Comstock, a story in which we all recognized a plot of originality and descriptions of vividness and force. Mr. Collier, Mr. Davis, and I felt that the literary delicacy and the spiritual truth of Mrs. Pangborn outweighed the striking and perhaps theatrical qualities of "The Tornado." As both of these compositions are revealed in the issue hereby offered up to judgment the opportunity for clash of concept in our readers will be immediate and complete.

None, we believe, of this quarter's stories is freighted with danger either of puzzling the innocent or of threatening the home. Simplicity and morals are conspicuous in most. "If all x is y ," writes one irascible partizan, "what in hell is z ?" Another reader, complaining gently, begs us not to write on his epistle an editorial entitled "Stories for the Thick," and he goes on: "Won't you please give us a story that, when we are through reading it, we can lay it aside and go right on with that which we are supposed to do, and not take up COLLIER'S one time after the other and read a story again and again and then wonder what it's all about, and then give it up and still wish you knew what it meant or how it ended."

Another problem which has been by our gentle readers most vigorously attacked is that of social class in fiction. Our experience, during this quarter also, is that the Social Register has not been responsible for any fancies of pith and moment. Of the letters grappling with this topic the most quotable is from

Stockton—a sad reminder of the unusual amount of acceptable fiction and interesting correspondence that has come to us from California, perhaps because of the number of writers by profession from all States who have selected that region of alluring climate for their home. The lady who speaks for labor raises doubts about authenticity in our minds, and it would be reassuring to know her trade; but thus she says:

"I have not the good fortune to be classed with 'COLLIER'S' and myself and people like us' [quoting Mr. Anthony Hope], but am merely one of that very long list of COLLIER'S interested readers. Heretofore I have been content to stand afar off and applaud the rapid fire and rattle of the musketry in the battle you are waging against everybody and everything luckless enough to need it. But since reading Mr. Hope's article and your reply, I have been so consumed with suppressed enthusiasm that, seeing no immediate danger of being drafted into the service, I have decided to enlist." Our correspondent's theme is that it would have been uncharacteristic of her class, the common people, to have so patiently and so long submitted to the liberties story-

(Continued on page 22)



GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Author of "A Tempered Wind" : : Drawn by John Cecil Clay

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

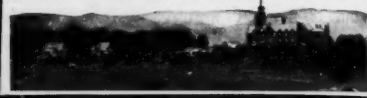


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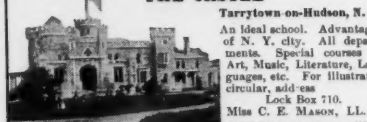
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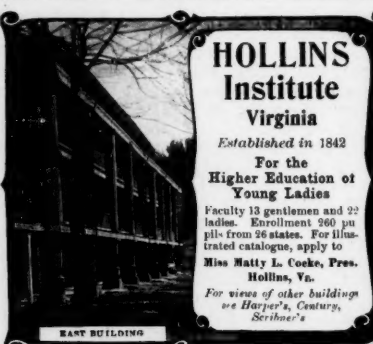
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OUR LATEST STORIES

(Continued from page 21)

writers have been taking with them, were it not that most of them have been so fully occupied with the stern needs of livelihood as to have little time to concern themselves with the reputation they are gaining in the world of letters. "I say 'we,' as I am perforce one of the people who work for the things we want, instead of pushing electric buttons for them. Moreover, I speak from the experience of long dwelling in a Kansas village, a longer existence on an Oklahoma 'claim' among the uncivilized, red, white, and black, and after that some years' sojourn among Texas cowboys, greasers, and all the rest of the Wild West wonders. Also a total absence from New York."

This attractive correspondent concedes that when one of the children of the poor (who is most often of the dreamy maiden sort), having gazed with covetous eyes at the brilliant spectacle of "society," assembles crude brushes and paints, and with unpractised hand turns out a highly colored chromo of that world, it is our privilege, nay, our duty, to use the return postage which has so conscientiously accompanied the manuscript. "But when one of you of 'civilized society,' (people like those Mr. Hope and you are in the habit of consorting with), engaged in 'the pursuit of happiness,' enters his well-appointed studio, assured of his public beforehand, and, with delightfully 'original' insight into our mode and manner of living, our aspirations, our trials, and our joys, draws a finished caricature of us," what happens then?

To our alleged laboring lady, fiction about the poor is as artificial as that about the rich, and it is also too much a part of sociology. Formerly there was too much fiction in our fiction, and now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Facts! facts! the more startling, the more artistic. The sordid details, the things the poor man is trying to eliminate, are laid bare, and then, with surprising regularity, come for contrast the qualities of an angel. "We do not protest against the portrayal of our petty struggles for existence, but if these facts alone constitute a story of such attraction, why are we not all striving to live a life so interesting in its mere detail? It is the individual men and women who should make the interest, and a great many otherwise good stories are spoiled by unnecessary facts."

Of our story, "The Spring by the Water Tank," it is charged "that Jim would be on COLLIER's editorial staff instead of firing on a freight engine, if he had been addicted to the daily use of such language as: 'What are four hundred miles to me if only you care! Or all the trains and engines in the world, but just to fling away, as I'd fling engine cinders—a handful of engine cinders—into the weeds beside the track, and come to seek you here!'"

In all of which there is some truth. We see more easily the minute departures from veracity when an environment is painted with which we are intimately familiar than when we confront a setting which is only vaguely known. This concession may be added to those already made to Mr. Hope, and it may be applied to many of the stories which we have recently acquired.

Mrs. Pangborn solves that difficulty, like others, with much deftness in the story to which we give first place. The hero is a street boy, tiny, lost, and battling with the world. For his instincts and emotions no words, or few, would come, for he is inarticulate. Mrs. Pangborn, playing with this idea, sympathetically and with gentle humor, lends to him speeches of high culture and reflection, with quotations from philosophers and poets. This is the method, of course, not of literalness, but of the spirit; not of prose, but of the poetical.

And Mrs. Pangborn is a poet. Beauty, of a refined, delicately tinted sort, is the essence of her worth. Her verse is often lovely, and some of her stories could as well be poems. "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom," "At Ephesus," and "A Tempered Wind," are sufficient to establish their creator as the possessor of a pure and affectionate style and of truthful and tender fancy. One or two exquisite bits of writing by her have not been published in COLLIER, because of the esoteric nature of their charm; but in "A Tempered Wind," as in "Rasselas" and "At Ephesus," enough to satisfy the plain citizen accompanies the delicacies which meet the trained, responsive sense. It is hard to guess at how popular this author may become, when she has met a larger audience; possibly she may never reach the general heart; but that few Americans to-day equal her in choiceness and freedom from the crude can scarcely be disputed. Her canvas, not a big one, is covered with what is gently noble.

Of the other stories on the list but a word or two is needed. Gerald Morgan is a decidedly young writer, who promises success. "Sissie Johnnie" seemed, at least to me, above Mrs. Lee's average, in combining interesting situation, characters, and episodes with much more restraint in treatment than she usually allows herself. Most of the other stories are representative performances by writers whom our readers know.

We are now in the fourth quarter, since the \$1,000 experiment was inaugurated, and the question arose, therefore, about the advisability of continuing with the same conditions for another year. So satisfactory has been the result that no changes were suggested. The present scheme has been far more successful in giving us plenty of good fiction, without too much bad, than the first idea, of larger prizes and longer periods, and we feel

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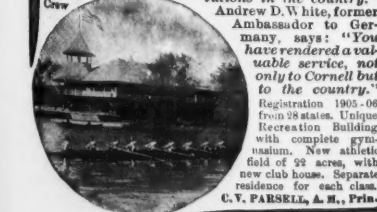
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(Continued from page 22)

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IN WILLARD'S SHOES R. W. Child

THE SINS OF THE MOTHER Charles B. Davis

THE TRIBUTE OF TOPSIDE TUTT Sewell Ford

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Arthur S. Pier

THE CRITTER R. W. Child

THE DREAMER Lee Anderson

VAL LE MORT Justus Miles Forman

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A HONEYMOON UP THE FAURA RIVER

Gerald Morgan

WELLINGTON'S GIRL Elliott Flower

WHERE THERE IS NO TURNING

Rowland Thomas

SISSIE JOHNNIE Jennette Lee

PICTURE GALLERY GEORGE

Stephen French Whitman

A TEMPERED WIND Georgia Wood Pangborn

THE HERB DOCTOR Alice Brown

THE EXPLORERS Gouverneur Morris

GOD'S LITTLE DEVILS Rowland Thomas

IN AUGUST Virginia Tracy

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Proud your peace and deep.

Full the truth you know at last

In eternal sleep.

In Southern grave, in Northern grave,

By valley, shore, and steep,

Lie lightly, Northern soldier,

In proud and perfect sleep.

Soldier, Southern soldier,

Proud and deep your rest.

Full the truth you know at last

In the earth's still breast.

In mountain grave, in prairie grave,

On hillsides East and West,

Lie lightly, Southern soldier,

In proud and perfect rest.

Your goods you gave, your lands you gave,

Your strength you gave away,

Your last, fast pulse of life you gave,

The blue gave and the gray.

Rest lightly, soldier, soldier,

In peace divine and deep.

By mountain bluff and bayou rest

In proud and perfect sleep.

Changed to-day are hand and will

From yours who gave so fast.

Rest, proud and still by plain and hill,

Whose dust you are at last.

Changed and changed by hill and plain

The spirit of your sons;

Changed and yet unchanged again

The winnowed grass-swale runs.

Cool as through your morning watches

Breathe the cloud-blown mountain-tops,

Buoyed lake and rocking river,

Where the full-fold prairie drops.

In mighty winds and waters furled

By valley, bluff, and steep,

Rest, Northern soldier, rest you well.

Sleep, Southern soldier, sleep.

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THE AFTERMATH

The Grim and the Ludicrous in the Trail of the Earthquake

I. WHAT A LITTLE "KIDDO" SAW

By HARRY C. CARR

THIS sodden, swift little tragedy of the fire was told me by a south-of-Market Street "kiddo"—a typical child of the slums, such a one as the Frisco boy in Jack London's "Sea Wolf." But his square mug was Irish, which gave him the swift sense of the true drama. He was standing on the back step of an express wagon converted into a bus and rattling down Mission Street over the cobblestones. He looked pensively into a lumpy pile of twisted iron, brick, and ashes among the ruins, and I heard him say softly: "Chee, but I wouldn't want to drink no beer in t'Frenchman's."

Our eyes met with an invitation in one pair, and he said earnestly: "Chee, but I seen some bum business in that place, mister! I'd been up fer a couple uv nights wit'm' sister's baby that was dying. I just laid m'self out on three chairs, when—bing! They knocked down from under me on the floor."

He couldn't quite bring himself to talk about it—whatever it was. Just when I thought he would, he only added: "Me for the street!"

I asked him pointblank about the Frenchman's, and he turned his head and said sullenly: "Oh, chee, that was rotten doin's." Then suddenly, his blue, hard eyes getting big as he felt the drama coming to him, he said, "Well, I'll tell you about th' mug. First time I seen him was down here by Frenchy's place before they dynamited it the second day of the fire. It was near night time, and he was skiddin' along kind uv sidewise with a little bag. He didn't look good t'me. He was just passin' one of them sentry guys when his gunship sung out: 'Halt!' The mug kind of skated along like his brakes didn't work good, but finally he stopped."

"What you got in th' bag?" said the soldier guy, kind of savage.

"It's just meat," says this gazebo. I knew he was stringing the soldier; but I guess he must have been one of them cow county sentries. Anyhow he was kind of easy. He was just going to let the fellow pass, being as he said he had a family he was takin' the meat to and all. It didn't go with me. I guess somethin' gave the soldier a hunch at last, fer he says, just as the mug was startin' on: 'Hold on; let's see that bag. You don't need all that meat, pal.'

"I seen this fellow gettin' kind of white in his mug, and he kept mutterin' that he had a big family. I knew he was scared good and plenty over somethin'. Well, that soldier skate took the bag away from him. I seen him give just one look into it. Then he called to one of them officers, 'n' he says: 'Look in there, lieutenant.'"

The Irish boy turned on me and said sharply: "Chee, what d'y think was in that bag, pal? Fingers with rings on 'em and earrings, and I'm giving it to y' straight; some of them earrings had meat on 'em too. The lieutenant, he turned white too, and he says, kind of quiet-like, to one of them gun boys: 'Take this man to some safe place and see that he doesn't get away.' That's what he said."

"I knew there was somethin' grand stewin' fer that lad. I just thought I'd kind of make it my job to hang around."

"Next day about sunup—that's the first time I ever seen this sunrise business—I saw him again. This same lieutenant guy and four of them soldiers were leadin' this mug out there by Frenchy's wall. One of 'em was walkin' on ahead; one was on each side and one was behind. They stopped in front of the wall, and one of the soldiers tied th' guy's arms down to his sides with some kind of a strap he took off. Chee, I knew it was all off with a grand swing fer that lad. 'Soldiers stepped back in a row, and t'lieutenant says: 'Have you got anything to say?' kind of speakin' soft, just like that. Th' guy was kind of swayin' on his legs, and he said he hadn't. Th' lieutenant didn't have no more conversation fer him. He just turned to th' soldiers and he says, 'Ready'; then he says, 'Aim.' All of 'em poked up th' guns. With that his nibs kind of hesitated, and turned again to this guy and says, 'Youse sure haven't got nothin' to say?'

"The guy there by th' wall, his legs kind uv give way beneath him, and he sinks to a heap on th' ground. I see him lift his head and stutter wild-like: 'Somebody give me part of y'. The lieutenant just turned back to th' soldiers and says, kind uv quiet-like, 'Fire!'

The Irish boy turned away and looked out across the ruined city, pulled his hat down low over his eyes, and tried to whistle, but gave it up.

"Well?" I said, after a pause.

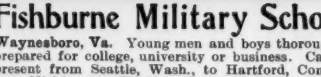
"Well," he said shortly, "that was about all fer that guy."

II. CHEERING UP AT STANFORD

By WINIFRED WEBB

AFTER it happened we all went down to the Quadrangle, where the greatest damage had been done. Our toilets varied in completeness according to our recent geographical position with reference to the path of the earthquake. A good many people were dressed up. It was an odd thing to remark. Some said they did not expect to have, by night, anything more than they wore—*ergo*, they wore their best. With others it seemed to be an effort to meet a great occasion greatly. Most of us, I suppose, were stunned, and dressed by habit, without much realizing what we did. One girl put her hand to her throat an hour later and exclaimed: "Why! Did I stop to put on my gold beads?"

We came back home soberly when we saw what had happened to the noble buildings. There was nothing to relieve that situation but the statues—Gutenberg at the foot of his own pedestal, his shoes left neatly standing on top like bedroom slippers; and Agassiz, with his head run into the ground under a concrete pavement up to his shoulders, his legs in the air and one hand still extending an admonitory finger. We did not know that it was anything more than a purely local disturbance, so, with frightened cooks and not a chimney left standing on the campus, we all turned in with chafing-dishes and oil-stoves to get breakfast. When we had eaten we went back to the Quadrangle. Here the automobiles and motor wheels began to arrive with the news from San Jose and San Francisco, enlarging our realization of the calamity. At eleven o'clock another tremor was felt. People began to make only short excursions into the houses, and were glad to avoid even those. All up and down the streets you would see whole fraternities of men and women assembled on rugs and pillows on the front lawns of their houses. Mandolins and guitars were pressed into active service. Some of the men played ball. Some made a series of calls on the New Year's Day plan. There was a pathos about it, to be sure, for the music came to a sudden halt at a sharp noise or slight tremor. One could not in a moment become accustomed to feeling the earth shake under one's rocking-chair while one conversed lightly with a bachelor professor. But the keynote of it all was to keep from realizing what had happened—what might yet happen at any moment—for though the geology faculty rose nobly to the occasion with history to back them, nerves and emotions are not always governed



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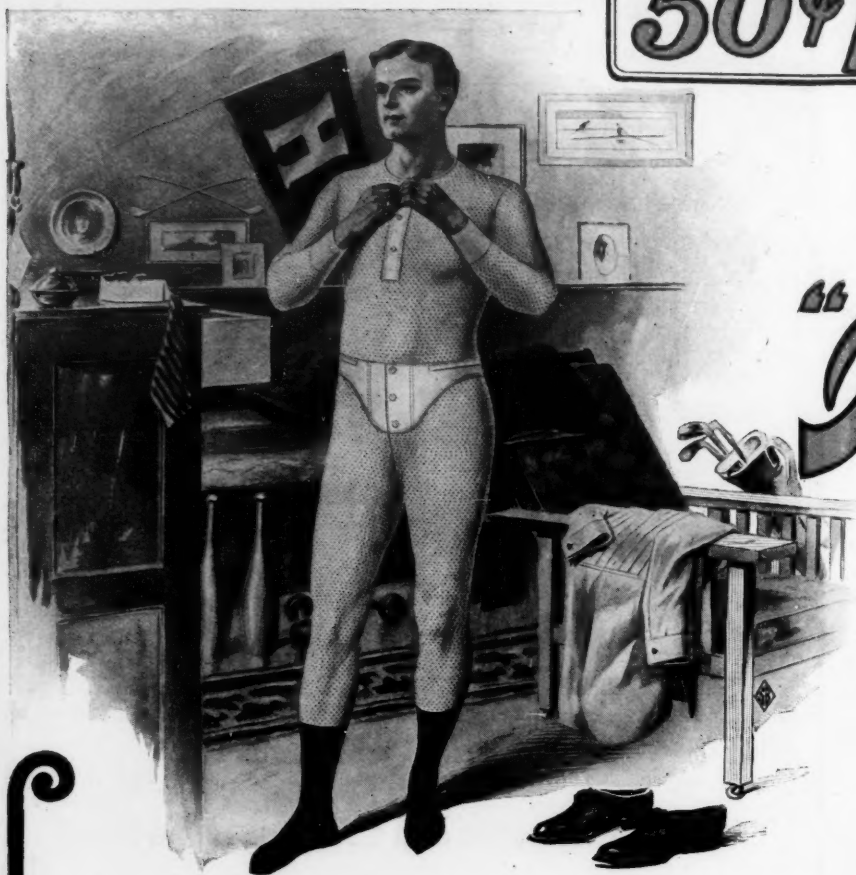
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THE AFTERMATH

(Continued from page 24)

by the hopeful historical parallel. And then the people who had fled from San Francisco began to arrive on foot or in express wagons, with pallid faces and the stories the whole country now knows. It was not good to hear what they had to tell. It was not good to see the sky fill with smoke till the sun hung in it like a ball of fire. It was not good to see the lurid yellow light on people's faces, nor yet to think of the night to come, nor of the friends most of us had up there where we could hear only the thunder of the dynamite. "The city's on fire, and they have no water!" Those were not words we could easily forget till we learned—as most of us did—that lives were safe and the worst had not yet happened.

The advice from Lick was—or was reported to be—to keep out of the houses, and most of us were disposed to take it somewhat literally, for the slight shocks continued at intervals through the week; and though they told us that they were a good rather than a bad omen, there was a little too much and a little too sinister a background to make them really enjoyable. Almost every one slept out-of-doors the first night, behind screens or rugs and portières strung on ropes, and at a discreet distance from the houses—student patrol and bonfires for a foreground, and in the background the bad red light from the burning city. Almost every one continued to sleep out for two or three nights. We used our camp three times, explaining elaborately to each other that we were doing it just for mental attitude.

An unknown dog appeared for two nights just after we turned in, and took up his headquarters at the foot of one of the girl's beds, from which chivalrous standpoint he kept track of the situation, uttering detailed protests to any noise which he considered undue. His spirit was lofty, for he declined all compensation at breakfast time, and preferred to depart grandly into the unknown whence he came. The third night he did not return, and things were generally more normal, as he doubtless anticipated.

Guarding the Girls at Night

The fourth night almost every one went back into their own rooms to sleep, though the patrol kept up and the women folk were glad to have men around. The boarding-houses, of course, had the desired element to start with, but the sorority houses had to make importations. Our chaperone asked three for our establishment. The girls adorned them with a badge which parodied the official Student Relief. It read precisely: "Sorority Relief. Pass to the Theta Precincts." The fellows put their mattresses, camp-style, on the porch in front of the hall door, and slept there in their clothes with guns and ammunition. As the campus has been guarded with the most elaborate rigor, and most of us have not had a glimpse of any but very well-bred if not altogether composed refugees, these glorious and bloodthirsty precautions have their ludicrous side.

Our first night, in spite of the prospects of precipitate flight to the front lawn, and though she has candidly admitted that Mars would be her choice for a home just now, M— stoutly removed her shoes. We were awakened once by a shake, and then again along about two o'clock by a human voice, shrill and high, calling out something in the silence. It did sound a bit gruesome, there in the dead of night, and with our ruins for a setting. We listened keenly for a minute. Would it come any nearer? Was it a possible message from Lick? (Do not criticize probabilities too nicely, please!) It died away. But while we were still waiting M— suddenly got up. There was just enough light from the street lamp to enable me to see her dimly, fussing around on the floor with great vigor for a minute. Then she went back to bed and nestled down with such complete contentment that I asked eagerly what she had done.

"I put on my shoes!" she replied with satisfaction. Now I had private reasons for not disputing the claim that shoes were a good thing to have on one's feet. But there came over me at the instant a realization of the awful power of the cosmic forces against which the precaution was taken, which threw her satisfaction with so simple a measure into a relief that struck me as ludicrous.

It has been interesting to watch the varying reactions brought out by the home letters from the different parts of the country. It is, of course, not surprising that they should either over or under estimate our loss. One letter asked quietly: "Did you feel it?" This in the light of all these days! I hear that one telegram which reached the campus read: "Are you alive? If so flee to the mountains. Wire." At the post-office is a large placard with David Starr Jordan's own stately signature: "Blank of Boston wants immediate news of Tom Brown."

It sounds so solemn and pitiful, so full of yearning; and all the while the youngster is sauntering around the campus in his best clothes with his sorority friends, whiling away the time till the money arrives to get him home. A big fellow who read the notice over my shoulder remarked: "H—! That kid's all right. He's dressed up and queening!"

It is not strange that we should get mixed up with the troubles and needs of San Francisco. You may therefore well imagine that an express box of the grimest necessities—flour, rice, and coffee—from a distant graduate met a somewhat hilarious welcome.

No Hysteria Allowed

All of this does not mean that so great a calamity as has just befallen our university has called out nothing but levity from her youth. Every one knows how eager a response the students have given to every call for help. It means simply that hysteria has not been popular. I heard one girl who had indulged in some coldly classified as a fool. There has been an unwritten law that we should cheer up, and few have disobeyed it. Indeed, I expect as long as I live to have a better realization of the dauntless nature of American grit and American humor than I could otherwise have had. And those who were hit hardest have generally cheered up best.

"I had some improved real estate yesterday," a professor remarked to me, adding with a grim smile: "The improvements and the real estate are a good deal mixed up to-day!"

One fraternity whose house was ruined moved cheerily on to their tennis court beside the dizzy, banged-in, pathetic thing, and played ragtime on their piano till midnight, with dances and college songs interspersed. It lightened the atmosphere of the whole neighborhood. They draped their cots with lace curtains, and hung a sign on the dilapidated house: "FOR RENT. INQUIRE WITHIN."

The bread of their humor came back to them buttered, for it is said that one literal-minded woman, passing by, was heard to say in disgust:

"Now do you suppose they think that anybody will rent that?"

Not a student seemed to even think of the possibility of not returning next year. Indeed, I know of one girl whose plans had been made for a year abroad who postponed it, "because it wouldn't look loyal."

I saw one big husky fellow from San Francisco who had stuck through all the worst of it and was taking his shattered nerves into the country to "sit down a week" with his memories—all he had left. "Dear old Frisco!" he said, "I love her! I love every damned foot of her, and when she gets through shaking I'm going back!"

Thus do they who have loved much forgive much. And though we at Stanford suffered so much less than they, the spirit has not been different.

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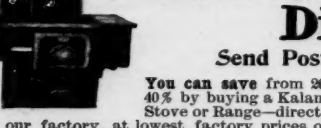
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THE TORNADO

(Continued from page 15)

burst into sobs, torn by allegiance to each, and in confusion he had ridden off. They saw him vanishing toward Shar's home.

"I'll save him by my prayers—I can—I will," she cried and dashed away toward the little church.

Beyond Jim's the prairie lay big and yellow, met by the weird yellow of the sky. She seemed riding almost against the brass pot. Suddenly the polished spot near the horizon changed as quickly as if smeared by one stroke of a great paint-brush which left it a deep green. She looked back to see if Hilary were following. He was not in sight; but in that direction she saw scuds hurrying upward. Turning again toward the west she saw masses of clouds that had sprung into being instantly in the brassy sky. Everywhere they were riding up swiftly. She was at the church by this time, and she hurried to her pew. The young clergyman was nervously reading to the sparse congregation: "Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Shar glanced toward a stained glass window swung to its fullest opening. She saw the stretch of yellow prairie; athwart it suddenly, with a swoop, a thing vast and terrible and black. The rushing clouds had met above, and of them it had been born.

Something drew every eye to the window. There was an instant's silence, more hideous than the cries that broke it. Then the congregation gave way to panic. Among them, as they ran blindly down the aisle, flashed the white robe of the pitiful young clergyman. Shar's eyes met his and he winced.

Above the cries of the people her voice rose in a command. "Pray!" she said. They fell upon their knees, dominated, their rector among them. A roar burst upon their ears, but they knelt silently, held by her control.

"... spare our dear ones—" her voice came to them through a crevice of solid, awful sound.

There was a rending of wood, a blast of cold air, a torrent. The people looked up to face the sky. Always erratic, the cloud had dipped to play one of its grotesque tricks; it had snatched the frail temple from the kneeling people and carried it on, toying with the structure as it went.

"... our dear ones—" Shar repeated, and her congregation bowed their heads again, an open field for their sanctuary.

The huge black top spun on toward the northeast. From his post Jim watched it alone. His bombs covered its path, defined now. The press of a button, the power traveling along a hidden wire to the upright gun, the report, the rush of the projectile, the explosion—he rehearsed it all in the seconds that he waited.

The cloud appeared to him to pass to the south of the church; then Shar must be safe. And the boy had gone eastward where the protection availed. Jim was free to feel a splendid exultation. He was like a soldier unexpectedly sent into the thick of the fight after a long, irksome inaction. He was chosen for a great conflict, a great triumph.

The crisis acted like a stimulant, making him keen yet steady. Some part of his brain in that fraction of time marveled at the accuracy with which another part judged the distance and path of the cloud. His farm, beyond it, hers, were marked. And it was his to avert the disaster. The scoffing of the Signal Corps officer, which had never quite ceased to haunt him, fell back before that insurmountable moment.

The cloud towered before him, and he faced it without a misgiving. The time was come—calmly, exactly he fired. The instant that he had done it his self-possession broke, and he gave way to a cry that was savage, full of wrath and triumph.

"Your day is over!" he cried, as if the thing could writhe under the victor's shout.

But as he heard the explosion of his missile strike the roar of the storm his heart sank. It was petty, futile, like a child's paper torpedo in the face of cannon. And the cloud—it was still whirling on—his labor of years gone in a vain spark. His sense of humor showed ghastly. On the instant he saw his attempt as the cloud must see it, puny, comical, the supreme effort of a manikin; and he laughed.

The thing tore on and left him and his possessions untouched. It seemed to scorn even to harm him.

Confounded, he cried: "My God!" because the phrase was familiar. "The boy!" The cloud was following the old path toward Shar's farm.

Hilary was still there. Now, on his pony, he watched the cloud come. Both he and the animal waited as if hypnotized by the impending horror. He saw it spring lightly, like a dancer, over his father's farm, then, with an exquisite glide, descend toward him.

"Hurry, Toph!" he cried to the pony, summoning his forces at the last. He tried to drive the animal toward the northwest, at right angles to the tornado's path and toward its less destructive side. Jim had long ago taught him this.

But the horse, under the spell, did not stir. Confused, paralyzed with fear, the child's mind turned in distraction to the other teaching, and his lips trembled with "Now I lay me." He looked up. The great cottonwood tree, free from the soil, was being brandished over him like a giant club in an unseen hand.

SHAR

SHAR saw but did not know that what had been her farm was a wilderness again, such as her father's father had long ago found and toilfully taught its duty. The grain of eighty acres was gone, torn from the soil as a handful of grass might be torn by a careless hand. The outbuildings were vanished, sucked up into the maw of the thing, vomited no one knew where. Only the shattered walls of the house were left; caught in the cloud's vacuum, the building had burst and fallen where it stood.

The picture did not penetrate beyond her eye. She was searching, frenzied.

At last, upon the rain-darkened ground, a light spot appeared—something that she felt she had been unconsciously seeing all the time. It was the gaily printed little shirt-waist that had roughened her finger in the making. Beside the child figure lay the great cottonwood, its trunk twisted off in ragged ropes.

Just as she had often done in a groundless, motherish fear, she bent close to see if the little blouse rose and fell. For moments she bent and watched and listened; then the realization came to her, making her heart halt; and when it once more went on its old, monotonous march a strange thing had happened.

The drenched, lashed, cowed world about her had vanished, and in its place was a May world of a night she had often recalled. The boy had been a mite of a fellow then and had scampered off for adventure, and she had been the one to find him hiding in the field. She had carried him back to Jim, and together they had rejoiced and caressed him.

Now the soft, bluish dark of that May sky wrapped her, the consciousness of lurking violets came to her. With foolish, cooing whispers she lifted the boy from the ground and turned down the now formless path to Jim's.

Hilary had been a wee boy then; now he was heavier by years, and she might have staggered under the load but for an unnatural strength that came to her. It made the burden light, and she strode easily over the wet earth. She passed through an uncultivated field where rank, splendid sunflowers had flourished; the sturdy plants were thrashed down, and the grasshoppers that had sunned themselves on the stalks lay about on the ground, some dead, others cringing. Where corn or weeds had been torn away there were gaping, raw wounds in the earth.

She plunged into mud that clung to her shoes, her skirt; that spattered her dress, her face even, and the child she carried; but to her it was a fragrant May earth that she trod in the joy of recovery, carrying Hilary back to his father that they might rejoice together.

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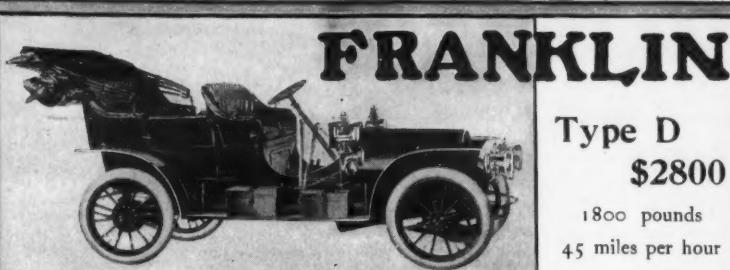
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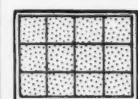
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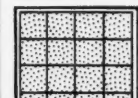
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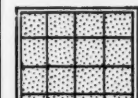
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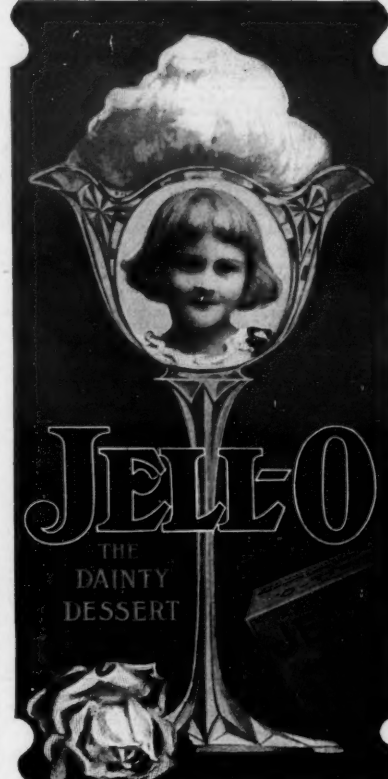
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THE TORNADO

(Continued from page 28.)

Smiling at the child, lullabying now and then, she passed over the desolate fields, through Jim's gate up the steps. They had not met in their mad searches for the boy. He was at home, having just returned for help.

"I've found him, dearie," she cried gaily, tenderly, and laid him in his father's arms. "He was sound asleep in the field, the little rascal. It's chilly to-night, Jim. Get some wood before he takes his death o' cold." She threw her arms around the man's massive neck. "Ain't we glad he's found, dearie?"

The night of that other recovery, the night she was living again, came back to him in rushing memories. He could only guess wildly at what had happened; but he saw the present need. He laid the child upon the worn plush sofa, one of the bridal home's splendors, and led Shar gently to a chair. When he tried to speak his lips trembled in the heavy, jerky way of a man's.

He leaned back, letting go the tension of her effort: "I'm tired, Jim. He's gettin' a big baby these days." Her voice faded away at the end.

He did not move from the arm of her chair while she slept. He found himself counting her breaths in the intent way one heeds trivial things when big ones are too big to be grasped.

For an instant after she woke the calm in which she had fallen asleep possessed her; then trouble, knowledge, rushed into her face. "Hilly!" she cried, "where's Hilly? He was killed in the storm. I must carry him home."

"You have carried him home," Jim said. He drew her into the curve of his great arm while they talked together, were silent together.

"Was you prayin' all the time the storm was comin'?" he asked after a long silence.

"Every minute, Jim."

He thought, "An' I was workin' my way. I was tryin' the scientific experiments that I've been believin' in for years. An' your prayers an' my science didn't neither of 'em seem to make much difference, did they?"

She did not answer.

"I reckon we're about like little kids lost in the dark, Shar; we can't see, an' we both keep gropin' different ways, an' we don't neither of us find the way out." His hand covered hers for a pause. "Maybe—if we took hold o' hands like little kids do we wouldn't feel so lost."

She said after a while: "Maybe we'll get to the light that way."

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

Next Week

THE trend of modern thought and philosophy has always been faithfully reflected in the aphorisms of Mr. Dooley. Of late, however, the wise man of the Archway Road has been doing more thinking than talking, so that a word from him now is all the more welcome. It is pleasant to announce that next week he will give our readers the results of these reflections. The paper is titled

Mr. Dooley Discusses Socialism

The discussion is carried on of a Saturday night at Mr. Dooley's place. Mr. Dooley himself is in the chair, and there are present Mr. Larkin, the radical blacksmith, and Mr. McKenna, of Republican convictions; also present (but not voting) Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Schwartzmeister. The article already announced in an earlier Editorial Bulletin

Who Owns the Isle of Pines?

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

will also appear next week. It sets forth the details of an important question,—one that will very soon have to be settled by Congress,—and it ought to create some discussion. Mr. Davis spent considerable time in the Isle of Pines and examined thoroughly into the subject concerning which he writes. The article is copiously illustrated with photographs that show just what our fellow-citizens have done in this island which they have always believed was, by the Treaty of Paris, a part of the United States.

\$1,000 for a Story

THERE are but a few more days left in which to send manuscripts for consideration in the Fourth \$1,000 Quarterly Short Story Contest. The quarter ends June 1. All stories accepted between March 1 and June 1 are eligible for the prize. On June 1 the Fifth Quarterly Contest begins,—also with a \$1,000 prize offered for the best story accepted during the coming three months. This premium is paid in addition to the price of the manuscript at five cents per word, up to six thousand words. That is the limit of payment, because a story of six thousand words is as long as we can conveniently use. Anything over that makes trouble, and while we may sometimes have to stand trouble, we do not care to offer it a special invitation. Full particulars are set forth in a book that will be sent to any address upon request.

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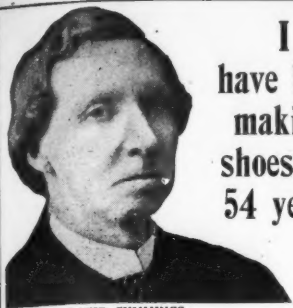
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